The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 129. Vol. XXII. JUNE, 1902. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

News Notes.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story will be entitled "The Little White Bird," and will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Messrs. Scribner and Sons will be the American publishers.

To parody his own lines, Mr. Rudyard Kipling will in future be known as "Author and Artist too." We understand that his new volume of "Just So Stories, for Little Children," which is his autumn book, will be entirely illustrated by himself. Those who have had the privilege of seeing the pictures are much impressed with their great artistic qualities, and predict an enormous success for the book, not only on account of the beauty of the stories—some one or two of which have been published serially in the *Windsor* and *Pearson's Magazine*—but also on account of the charm and novelty of the author's illustrations.

We understand that the late Paul Leicester Ford had put the finishing touches to a story on similar lines to his "Wanted a Matchmaker" (which will appear in the July *Century*), and was at work on a long novel, which must remain incomplete. He had just seen through the press his edition of "The Journals of Hugh Gaine," an American printer of colonial times, and the April number of the *Bibliographer*, of which periodical he was editor.

Miss Cholmondeley has completed a story of 40,000 words, which will appear as a serial in the *Gentlewoman*, and be published in book form by Mr. Murray.

We are to have in the autumn a new book by the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." The book is to be signed.

Mr. Richard Whiteing is said now to have completed a considerable portion of the new novel which is to be the successor to his "No. 5, John Street." It is probable that this new story will be published serially in one of the monthly magazines prior to being issued in book form.

Dr. George MacDonald has arrived in England, and will as usual reside at Haslemere during the summer months.

Owing to his illness Mr. Henry James will not have his novel, "The Wings of a Dove," ready for publication this spring, but he has for some time since been at work again, and the book will in all probability be published in the summer or early autumn.

There has been much speculation as to the identity of Mr. J. H. M. Abbott, the author of "Tommy Cornstalk," the brilliant book on the war, reviewed in another column. Mr. Abbott, while in South Africa, was a trooper in the Australian Horse; he is the eldest son of an ex-Speaker, Sir J. Abbott, and is of course well known in the Colonies on that account. He is a great friend of Mr. J. A. Barry, whose "Steve Brown's Bunyip" our readers will remember as having received the honour of a preface or introductory note from the pen of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "Valsec," which Messrs. Methuen will publish during the forthcoming autumn season.

Mr. Richard Bagot is said to be hard at work on a new novel, which he hopes to have ready for publication in September or October next. Messrs. Methuen, we hear, are about to issue in July a new edition of Mr. Bagot's first novel, "A Roman Mystery."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is spending a spring holiday in Venice.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is at present engaged writing a new serial story for publication at an early date in *Cassell's Magazine*. Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish the story in book-form in this country on the completion of its serial publication, and Messrs. Charles Scribner, of New York, will issue it simultaneously in America.

The sale of the American edition of Dr. Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles" continues very brisk. The latest reports to hand contain the information that between sixty and seventy thousand

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copies have now been sold. Messrs. S. S. McClure Co. have shown great enterprise in devising novel methods of advertising the book, and apparently their efforts are being crowned with success.

Mr. Bret Harte is reported to have left a volume of short stories and a volume of Condensed Novels ready for publication. There are also in the hands of his agents the MSS. of one or two poems.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., has arranged with Messrs. Methuen and Co. to publish his new novel, entitled "A Free Lance of To-day." Our readers will remember Mr. Hugh Clifford's name as that of the author of "Bush-Whacking and other Sketches," published some little time ago by Messrs. Blackwood.

We hear that the serial rights in Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new novel have been purchased by the proprietors of the *Graphic*, whose fiction, by the bye, is always noteworthy and very carefully chosen.

"The Shadowy Third: A Study of a Temperament," by Horace Annesley Vachell, just published by John Murray, has already been dramatised, and a copyright performance of the play, which is called "The Nightingale," was given at the Imperial Theatre on the 25th ult.

Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian author, last week sailed from England on a visit to Sydney. His new book, "The Heart of Australia," is in the printer's hands, and will be published this summer.

We are to have this summer a new magazine on popular domestic lines. Mr. Pett Ridge is to write the serial story with which the magazine will open its career.

Mr. Edwin Markham, the American poet, has been commissioned by a London paper to write a poem for publication on the announcement of peace. For another English journal he has written a poem on the Coronation. Although this might suggest that what journalists call "the American invasion" is proving as strong in literature as in commerce, we believe the general experience of publishers is that American authors do not find so much favour with the British public as they deserve. Of course there are exceptions, but they are rare.

Mr. Spielmann is making good progress with his life of Kate Greenaway, but it will not be ready for publication until next year. The abundance of the material makes the work of selection difficult, especially in regard to the correspondence. The book will be very freely illustrated, partly with drawings hitherto unpublished and partly with characteristic examples of published sketches.

Mr. G. W. Cable's new and important novel, "Bylow Hill," will be published in London by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and in New York by Messrs Scribner. "Bylow Hill" carries a special interest because it is the first "Northern" story by the author of "Old Creole Days." Its scene is laid in Massachusetts country, which Mr. Cable has adopted for his home. The novel will be beautifully illustrated in colours.

The literary and biographical sections of the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which two volumes are now published, are on the whole very satisfactory. The one serious exception we take is the want of uniformity and satisfactory dealing with bibliography. It must be admitted that sound, brief, trustworthy, really helpful bibliographies are very rare in this country; the science is hardly understood. Even the Dictionary of National Biography is defective in this respect, and often very defective. The editor of an encyclopædia is at all events bound to uniformity. If he gives a bibliography in one case he should give it in every case. Here there is no uniformity. Sometimes help is given, and sometimes not. It is matter of reasonable complaint that the notice of Thomas Spencer Baynes, the former editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, is dismissed in less than a third of a column. But the injustice would have been atoned for if references had been given to some excellent sketches of him published here and there, especially that by John Skelton. There ought also to be uniformity in the treatment of living men. Probably it would be better to abstain as much as possible from comment. Alfred Austin is criticised, while about Sir Edwin Arnold we have only a few biographical facts. On the other hand, the more important themes are treated in a worthy way. The estimate of Matthew Arnold, by Mr. Watts Dunton, is kind but discriminating. Mr. Watts Dunton puts Arnold lower as poet, critic, and theologian than some enthusiastic critics who rightly judge that his main achievement was poetical. He does not rise, however, to the raptures either of Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Hutton.

Mr. Leslie Stephen handles Browning and Carlyle. Mr. Stephen has already dealt with Carlyle in the Dictionary of National Biography, and it is interesting to compare the articles. The second is more critical than the first. It is, unfortunately, marred by some careless proof reading, but contains much judicious criticism. He deals frankly with Carlyle's domestic troubles, blaming Carlyle for his intimacy with Lady Ashburton. "Mrs. Carlyle was hurt by the fine lady's condescension, and her husband's accessibility to aristocratic blandishments. Carlyle, as a wise man, should have yielded to his wife's wishes. Unluckily he was content to point out that her jealousy was unreasonable, and upon that very insufficient ground to disregard it, and to continue his intimacy with the Ashburtons on the old terms. Mrs. Carlyle bitterly resented his conduct. She had been willing to

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renounce any aspirations of her own, and to sink herself in his glory, but she naturally expected him to recognise her devotion, and to value her society beyond all others. She had just cause of complaint, and a remarkable power, as her letters prove, of seeing things plainly and despising sentimental consolations. She was childless, and had time to brood over her wrongs." Mr. Stephen thinks that the two were alienated from 1846 to 1857, but that on Lady Ashburton's death the cloud which separated them disappeared.

The article on Browning contains some good criticisms. Mr. Stephen thinks that Browning was autobiographical, though he adhered to the dramatic method. "He often protested against the supposition that he put himself into his books, yet there is no writer whose books seem to readers to be clearer revelations of himself. Nothing, in fact, is more characteristic of a man than his judgments of other men, and Browning's are keen and unequivocal. The revolutionary impulse had died out, and Browning has little to say either of the political questions which had moved Shelley and Byron, or of the social problems which had lately become more prominent. He represents the thought of a quieter vogue. He was little interested, too, in the historical or 'romantic' aspects of life. He takes his subjects from a great variety of scenes and places, from ancient Greece, mediæval Italy, and modern France and England; but the interest for him is not in the picturesque surroundings, but in the human being who is to be found in all periods. Like Balzac, whom he greatly admired, he is interested in the eternal tragedy and comedy of life. His problem is always to show what are the really noble elements which are eternally valuable in spite of failure to achieve tangible results." But the most remarkable and original biographical article so far is undoubtedly that of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It has a great interest for the literary as well as for the political student. One sentence is worth quoting: "But for 'Ixion in Heaven,' 'The Infernal Marriage,' and 'Popanilla,' Disraeli could not be placed among the greater writers of his kind. Yet none of his imaginative books have been so little read as these."

Sir Walter Besant's last novel, "No Other Way," will not be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus before the end of next September.

Mr. Charles G. Harper, whose history of "The Holyhead Road" has been issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is an indefatigable writer and worker, and probably knows more of the topography of England and Wales than any man living. Some years ago he set himself the task—gigantic enough—to write the history of each coaching road out of London, and to what extent he has been successful may be gauged from the fact that the new work above mentioned is the eighth in the series.

The first was "The Brighton Road," published in 1892, followed at intervals by volumes on the "Portsmouth," "Dover," "Exeter," "Bath," "Great North," and "Norwich" Roads. Besides these Mr. Harper's list of accomplished work in the last ten years includes "The Marches of Wales," "From Paddington to Penzance," "A Handbook to Drawing for Reproduction," and an elaborate work on "English Pen Artists of the Day." He has also published a novel, and he

From Photo by] MR. C. G. HARPER, [*Elliott and Fry.*
whose works on the "Coaching Roads" are deservedly popular.

illustrated L'Estrange's "Royal Winchester" and Barton Baker's "Stories of the Streets of London."

This surely is a record for ten years. The writing of these books is in itself no small performance. But when one takes into consideration the facts that Mr. Harper goes over every inch of the ground either on foot or bicycle, has to devote much time and energy in research, and that he illustrates each of his books to the extent of fifty or sixty pen and ink pictures, one may better realise the magnitude of the achievement, and admire Mr. Harper's unfailing perseverance and endurance the more.

Born in 1863, Mr. Harper is still a young man, so we may hope to see his stories of the Roads completed. In his youth he was employed in a publisher's office, where, as he admits, he wasted much of his employer's time in sketching on the blotting paper and labels. Drawing was evidently a natural gift with him, which the terrible accident that deprived him of the sight of an eye in his young days does not seem to have diminished.

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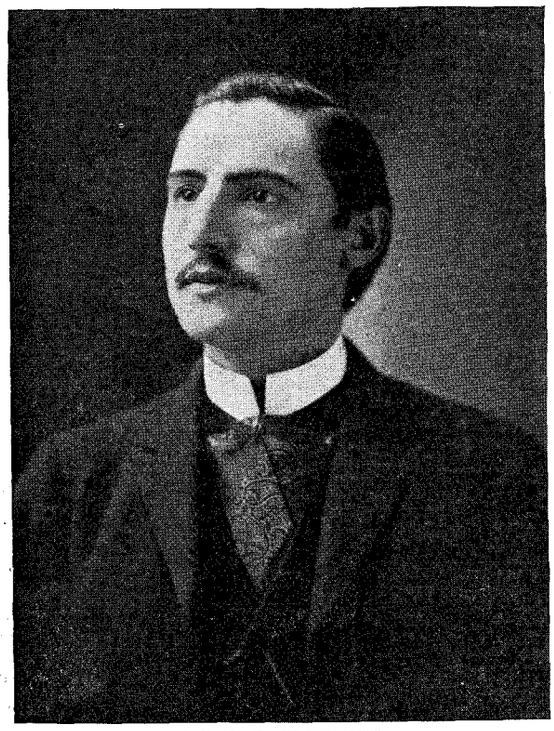
Mr. Harper has devoted much time in the past to journalism, and in the *Daily News*, until some two years ago, and in the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *St. James's Gazette*, among others, much of his work lies hid.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are about to issue a new volume by Mr. G. R. Sims, with the taking title of "Biographs of Babylon." The same firm are also expecting to publish at a very near date Mark Twain's new volume, entitled "A Double Barrelled Detective Story."

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a new book by Mr. Robert Barr, the title of which is "The Prince of Good Fellows." This work, however, will not be published until the autumn. It contains fifteen illustrations. Mr. Barr originally intended to call this book "A Royal Tramp."

Mr. Isaac K. Friedman, whose remarkable novel of American life, "By Bread Alone," is reviewed in this



MR. I. K. FRIEDMAN,
The author of "By Bread Alone," one of the best of recent American novels.

number, belongs to that group of young Chicago writers whose work is amongst the strongest and best which is now being produced in America. He comes of German Jewish parents, and was born and bred in Chicago. His first book, "The Lucky Number," published in 1896, is a series of short stories devoted to the life of the Chicago slums; "Poor People," his second book and first novel, published in 1900, is a description of tenement house life. For the last three years Mr. Friedman has devoted his time exclusively to special writing for the Chicago newspapers, and to the writing of fiction.

Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ltd., announce the publication, on June 9th, of their "Coronation Book" (7s. 6d. net), by the Rev. Jocelyn H. T. Perkins, M.A., Sacrist of Westminster Abbey, which, for fulness and accuracy of detail, will probably take the foremost place amongst the many volumes on the same subject which have lately been, and still are being almost daily published. Mr. Perkins' official connection with the Abbey has placed him in a particularly advantageous position for obtaining information on the details of past Coronations such as is not within the reach of every writer, and he has availed himself to the full of his opportunities in carrying out his design of conveying to his readers as vivid an impression as possible of the splendid ceremonial which once surrounded the "Sacring" of our English monarchs, and of those portions of it which remain to-day. The volume is profusely illustrated from old, and in many cases rare, MSS. and prints, and handsomely bound in richly decorated cloth cover.

Messrs. Isbister have in preparation a Coronation Library, the first volumes of which will be "Songs of England's Glory," a collection of ballads and poems, and Southey's "Life of Nelson." The volumes are bound in blue lambskin, and will be published at 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd., publishers, printers, wholesale manufacturing stationers, of Glasgow and London, are issuing £100,000 of four and a half Debenture Stock. £20,000 have already been applied for by the holders of the present terminable Debentures. The business was converted into a limited liability company in 1880. The capital is £212,000 fully paid up. The company had the use of £48,000 of Sir William Collins's money, which he left on loan on terminable Debentures. The works also remained his property, and were leased to the company. Since his death, seven years ago, the company has purchased the works, and has been paying off the Debentures. The present issue is being made to meet these payments and to provide the additional capital required by the continual growth of the business. The sales for 1901 have been the largest in the history of the company. Messrs. Moores, Carson and Watson, the auditors of the company, have given the following certificate in reference to the profits.

209, WEST GEORGE STREET,
GLASGOW, 21*st May*, 1902.

We have audited the books of William Collins, Sons, and Company, Limited, since the formation of the company in 1880, and have pleasure in certifying to the successful character of the business throughout. During the whole period the profits available for interest on Debentures, Reserve Fund, and dividends on the share capital, after making a sufficient provision

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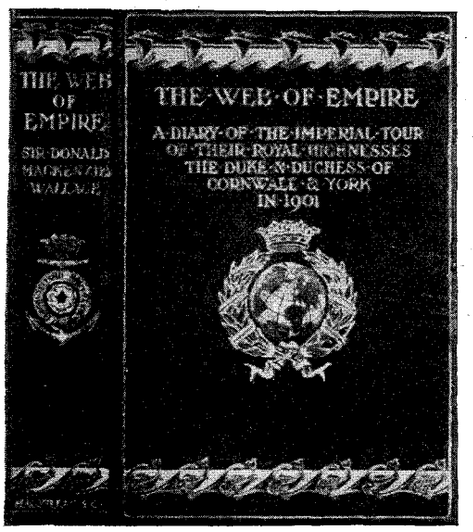
for depreciation and management, have in each year exceeded £15,000; the amounts for the last five years having been as follows:—

For the year ending 31st December, 1897—£18,217
" " " 1898—£16,382
" " " 1899—£18,120
" " " 1900—£21,745
" " " 1901—£27,837

The net free assets are valued at £324,556 7s. 6d. Nothing has been included for copyrights or for goodwill or for trade marks. The stock-in-trade has been valued at a cost or under by the directors, and amounts to £114,853 15s. 3d.

"The Web of Empire," of which we reproduce the cover, is an authorised account written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., of the Imperial Tour of their Highnesses the Duke and



COVER OF "THE WEB OF EMPIRE."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

Duchess of Cornwall and York. The book will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It will contain a very large number of illustrations by the Chevalier de Martino, M.V.O., and Sidney P. Hall, M.V.O. The work is practically a diary of the Imperial Tour, and commences with their Royal Highnesses' departure from Portsmouth, and goes along day by day until their return once again to the shores of England. The book is most sumptuously got up, the binding being of a handsome peacock blue, with all the ornamentation in gold.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel is to be entitled "The Head of the Family," and will be published by Messrs. Constable.

Miss May Sinclair has a new novel well advanced.

Miss Una Silberrad's new novel is named, provisionally at least, "The Daughter of Ishmael."

"Zack" is writing a new play.

We draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls' Standard

From Photo by] MR. W. W. JACOBS, *[Elliott and Fry.*
whose new novel, "At Sunwich Port," is reviewed on page 90.

Dictionary, to be found on another page, in which the announcement is made that the work will be sent on approval for a week to any readers of THE BOOKMAN. The dictionary is largely used by literary men and

ONE OF MR WILL OWEN'S CAPITAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MR JACOBS' NEW NOVEL, "SUNWICH PORT."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

journalists throughout the country, and it is admitted by all to be the most satisfactory and up-to-date lexicon on the market.

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Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1902.

The past month has unfortunately developed little or no improvement over the preceding one in the amount of business done, and the demand in nearly every class of literature has been, with few exceptions, very limited, although judging from the orders received from the various provincial centres it would appear that the slackness in the country is not so pronounced as it is in town. With the Coronation festivities in view anticipations of any immediate change are not high.

The prevailing dulness has affected the 6s. novel, but the output has, however, been up to the average. Whilst there is no sensational sale to chronicle there has been a sustained demand for several volumes, among which may be especially mentioned "The Way of Escape," by Graham Travers, and "At Sunwich Port," by W. W. Jacobs. "Scarlet and Hyssop" has continued to be in constant request.

The issue of the fourth and concluding volume of "The Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. Hastings, does not actually take place until this report is closed, but the orders for that and the preceding volumes have been very large. Probably no work of a kindred nature has attained to such a popularity since the appearance of Dr. Smith's famous Dictionary.

Humorous literature has of late been much in evidence, and in addition to the volumes mentioned in the last report may be added, "The One Before," by Barry Pain; "In the Fog," by R. H. Davis; and "Letters to Dolly," by Keble Howard, all of which have been very successful.

With the opening of the Academy came the usual demand for the various illustrated guides. These have of late years been more numerous, and a pronounced improvement in the production is evident. The most popular appears to be the "Black and White" edition, and the issue of "The Magazine of Art Supplement," in four parts; although several of the illustrated weeklies now devote a section to the reproduction of the Exhibition pictures, which have sold freely.

The extent of the hold which photography now has upon a large proportion of the public is exemplified by the continuous demand for various handbooks upon the subject, chiefly of an elementary nature, and suitable for amateurs, and the most popular of these issues during the past month has been "Photography for Novices."

Doubtless, owing to the somewhat inclement weather, the sale of the various guidebooks to popular resorts have not moved so freely as in recent years, although a few of the well known cycling handbooks have had a steady sale.

The death of Bret Harte has but little affected the sale of his works.

An increased popularity in many of the shorter works of Tolstoy is noticeable, the demand for several of his tractates has become quite constant.

In the magazines there is little of importance to mention, the one exception is the largely increased circulation of the *Sunday Magazine* which contains the story of Miss Stone's Captivity.

Sixpenny reprints still continue to form an important item in the sales of the month.

The following is a list of the best selling books during the past month:—

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Newnes.)
Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by Dr. Hastings. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)
In the Fog. By R. H. Davis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The One Before. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Letters to Dolly. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
Various Academy Guides.
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Ben Hur, in various editions, 6d. to 3s. 6d.
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Photography for Novices. 1s. net. (W. Butcher.)
Life of Henry Drummond. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. (E. Howell.)
Twentieth Century New Testament. 3s. 6d. (H. Marshall.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 26—Home trade quiet; slightly better in export.
May 3—Quiet in all departments.
,, 10—A slight improvement in the country trade.
,, 17—A slack week.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 21ST TO MAY 20TH, 1902.

With the exception of the publication of Coronation literature there was little during the month under review to dispel the general quietness in trade. In this connection may be noted the efforts made by the publishers of the leading illustrated weeklies to issue special numbers worthy of the historic occasion.

Much attention was given by the trade to the purchase of the various albums in connection with the opening of the Royal Academy, although the sale had a tendency to decline.

Locally, the most interesting books of the month were "The Scott Country," by Rev. W. S. Crockett, with numerous illustrations, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie's book of practical value, entitled, "The Empire of Business," which, on account of the author's renowned beneficence, had much attention given to it.

The leading 6s. novel was "The Way of Escape," by the author of "Mona Maclean," and the other volumes at the same price prominent in the month's business, were: "The Lady Paramount," by H. Harland; "Scarlet and Hyssop," by E. F. Benson; "Audrey," by Mary Johnston; "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Conan Doyle; and "The House with the Green Shutters," by G. Douglas.

In biography, the new edition of "Professor Henry Drum-

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mond's Life," was the most successful book, and there continued many enquiries for the "Life of Gipsy Smith."

There were several books connected with the War published, but the only one which had a general sale was "Tommy Cornstalk," a book written from the Australian point of view.

The most popular novels at 5s. were: "Love Grown Cold," by Annie S. Swan; "The Childerbridge Mystery," by Guy Boothby; and "My Strangest Case," by the same prolific writer.

The following works of fiction at 3s. 6d. had a brisk sale: "Greater Love," by Joseph Hocking; "Gripped," by Silas Hocking; and "Nat Harlowe," by George R. Sims.

There was no cessation in the large numbers of 6d. reprints of popular works issued by all the leading publishers, and the sales of these were as large as ever. The four most successful were: "The Lost Pibroch," "Further Adventures of Captain Kettle," "The Double Thread," and "Becky." The first-named went out of print almost immediately on publication.

Very large orders were taken for "East Lynne" and "Lorna Doone," both of which are to be issued shortly in the same cheap form.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

The Way of Escape. By the Author of "Mona Maclean." 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Lady Paramount. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Newnes.)
House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
The Scott Country. By Rev. W. S. Crockett. 6s. (Black.)
Life of Henry Drummond. By Prof. G. A. Smith. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Love Grown Cold. By Annie S. Swan. 5s. (Methuen.)
Tommy Cornstalk. By J. H. M. Abbott. 5s. net. (Longman.)
In the Fog. By R. H. Davis. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Gripped. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hume.)
Greater Love. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
Nat Harlowe. By George R. Sims. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
The Lost Pibroch. By Neil Munro. 6d. (Blackwood.)
The Life of Charles Darwin. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
The Searchers. By M. Byrde. 6s. (Unwin.)
Between Ourselves. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JUNE.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

June 5th.

METCALFE, C.—Splendid Mourning, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock & Co.*

June 7th.

GOODNOW, T. J.—Comparative Administrative Law. Student's Edition. 12/6 net ..... *G. P. Putnam's Sons*

June 9th.

SHERIDAN, R. B.—The School for Scandal. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net ..... *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
KEATS, JOHN.—The Eve of St. Agnes. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net ..... *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
IRVING, WASHINGTON.—The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Ariel Booklet. 1/6 net ..... *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
PIKE, OLIVER G.—In Birdland with Field-Glass and Camera. New Edition. 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
PIKE, G. HOLDEN.—From Slave to College President. Life Story of Booker Washington. 1/6 ..... *Fisher Unwin*

June 10th.

MATHEWS, F. SHUYLER.—Field Book of American Wild Flowers ..... *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
BURGIN, G. B.—A Wilful Woman, 6/- ..... *John Long*

June 13th.

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Great Awakening, 6/- *Ward, Lock & Co.*
GREEN, A. K.—A Circular Study, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock & Co.*

June 16th.

KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—An Unwise Virgin, 6/- *John Long*
HARDY, REV. E. J.—Ten Portraits of British Soldiers, 1/- *Fisher Unwin*
VAN EEDEN, F.—The Deeps of Deliverance, 6/- ... *Fisher Unwin*

June 18th.

WISHAW, FRED.—The Diamond of Evil, 6/- ..... *John Long*

June 23rd.

MUIR, R. J.—Plato's Dream of Wheels, 2/- net ..... *Fisher Unwin*
BARRY, WILLIAM, D.D.—The Papal Monarchy, 5/- *Fisher Unwin*
HASLER, G.—The Bernese Oberland. Vol. I. 10/- *Fisher Unwin*

June 30th.

CAPES, BERNARD.—The Mill of Silence, 6/- ..... *John Long*

July 1st.

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Books to be Published during June, dates not fixed.

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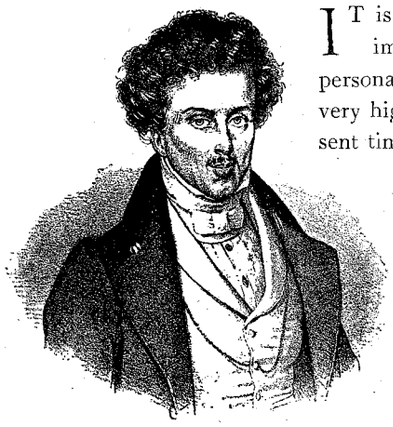
The Reader.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

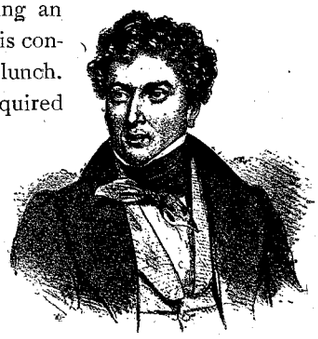


ALEXANDRE DUMAS, AGED 29 YEARS.

Lithograph by Maurin, 1833.
(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

IT is in the nature of things impossible that Dumas' personal character should stand very high, especially at the present time. No one at any time could call him, by the greatest stretch of language, a good man, and it so happens that in the present period of artistic criticism those who might sympathise with him in the levity with which he regarded morals, are filled with horror at the levity with which he regarded literature. He at least was a consistent profligate. He was not in the strict sense an honest man, and he was not what is now so much more admired, "a conscientious artist." He held himself free for his own pleasure to do bad actions, and he held himself free for his own pleasure to write bad books. He had not, like so many of our younger aesthetes, merely exchanged the large bondage of ethics for the small bondage of aesthetics.

The whole of Dumas' work and character must remain quite unintelligible unless we grasp this fact of his indifference to the literary virtues. For example, there is now, I believe, very little doubt that Dumas did really employ a whole staff of pupils or secretaries to write whole passages in his voluminous works. There is more to be said for the proceeding than appears at first sight. Undoubtedly, the same thing was done by the great masters of painting, who set their disciples to work upon their backgrounds; and is still done by sculptors, who employ workmen upon the details of a group of statuary. But the more cogent and essential point of the matter is that nothing could better illustrate the difference between the reckless professionalism of Dumas and the worried and careful craftsmanship which is demanded from all artists in our day, quite apart from morality in any other respect. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Henry James leaving an intelligent clerk to finish one of his conversations while he went out to lunch. Reliable evidence would be required to persuade us that Mr. W. B. Yeats gives out his manuscripts for completion to needy young men in the British Museum. But if Alexandre Dumas did do this we may be perfectly certain that he did it with complete cheerfulness, and as the phrase goes, "without turning a hair." He might be called a great borrower, a borrower who had brought borrowing to a fine art. He was the kind of man who will borrow money from his valet, and ideas from his private secretary. But he would, in fact, borrow from anybody if he were driven to it, even from history or from Shakespeare. This indifference to indebtedness, this disdain of originality, cannot but appear contemptible to the current artistic spirit. But, paradoxical as it may appear, there is a great deal about it that is not at all contemptible, that is great, that is even classic, in a classic tradition.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, ABOUT 1836.

"Biographie des hommes du jour" of Saru and Saint-Edme.

"In this picture, Alexandre Dumas has been fined down, sand-papered, rubbed up with chamois leather: a 'got-up' figure for the smart society folk."—"Portrait Notes," by Octave Uzanne.

(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"Again we see him, draped in a great cloak, tossed over his left shoulder haughtily; his mouth pouting a little under the soft moustache, bespeaks defiance and disdain. . . . It is one of the most lifelike of the portraits of the author of 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' at the flood-tide of his success."—"Portrait Notes," by Octave Uzanne.

(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

The ethics of imitation in the arts are a matter which requires a great deal more clearing up than is commonly supposed. Plagiarism is with us the most abject of all literary attributes, an act which contrives to confess at the same moment stupidity and immorality. But marking plagiarism lowest in the scale of mean things, and kicking the plagiarist about like a football, leaves untouched one very strange and very solid historical fact—the fact that the great majority of the very greatest men in the history of the arts have been brazen and systematic plagiarists. What is the use of convicting some wretched youthful author before a horrified tribunal of having taken the idea for a novel from some comparatively obscure story by Flaubert or Pierre Loti, when he has it in his power to point out that Shakespeare was as ready to pick up old plots as a rag and bone mer-

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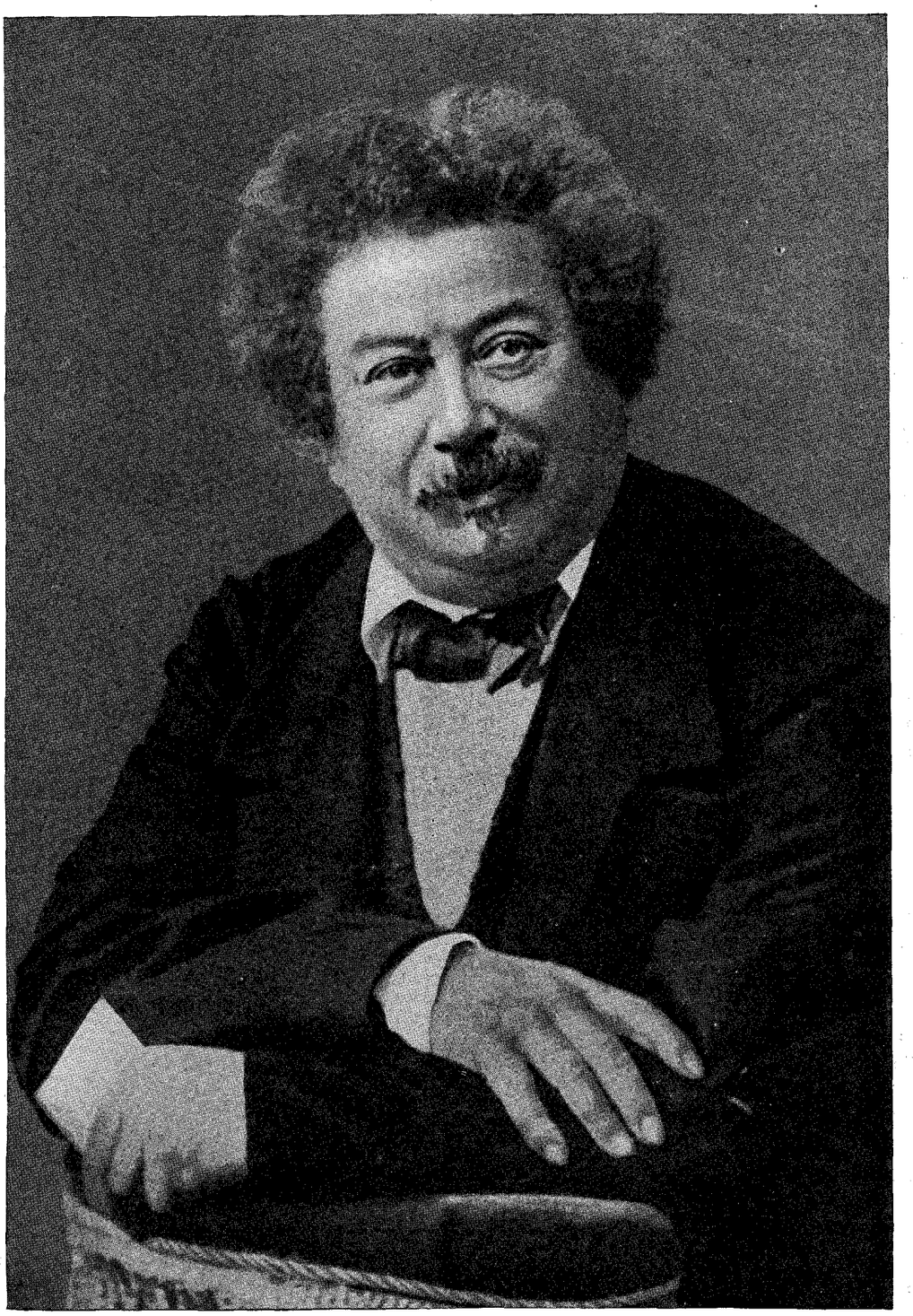
chant to pick up old clothes? What is the use of publicly insulting a painter, by telling him that he copied the posture of one of his figures from Poussin, when art critics are at that very moment engaged discussing whether Poussin copied it from Raphael, and whether Raphael copied it from Perugino? Why should the modern artist dread above all things a disposition to steal from a set of celebrities, who liked above all things the chance of something good to steal? Why should modern criticism be founded upon this overwhelming and stringent reverence for the private property left behind by a race of highwaymen?



From Photo by] ALEXANDRE DUMAS, 1802–1902. *[Nadar.*

The idea of originality like a good many other of the bold, wild, breezy ideas of which Mr. Henley and his School are so fond nowadays, would seem to be almost entirely a modern idea, an idea belonging to the age of silk hats and over-education. Homer was not original in the Aubrey Beardsley sense, Dante was not original, Raphael was not original, Spenser was not original; none of the great men were original. They lived in a great tradition of literature. They conceived that they had a claim upon all the wisdom of the world, an intellectual communism. A theme was with them something of what a song is to singers, or a piece

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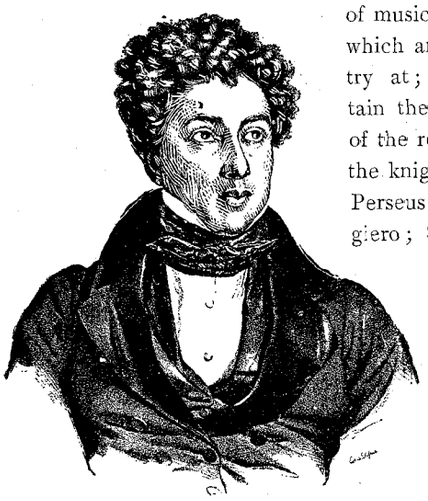
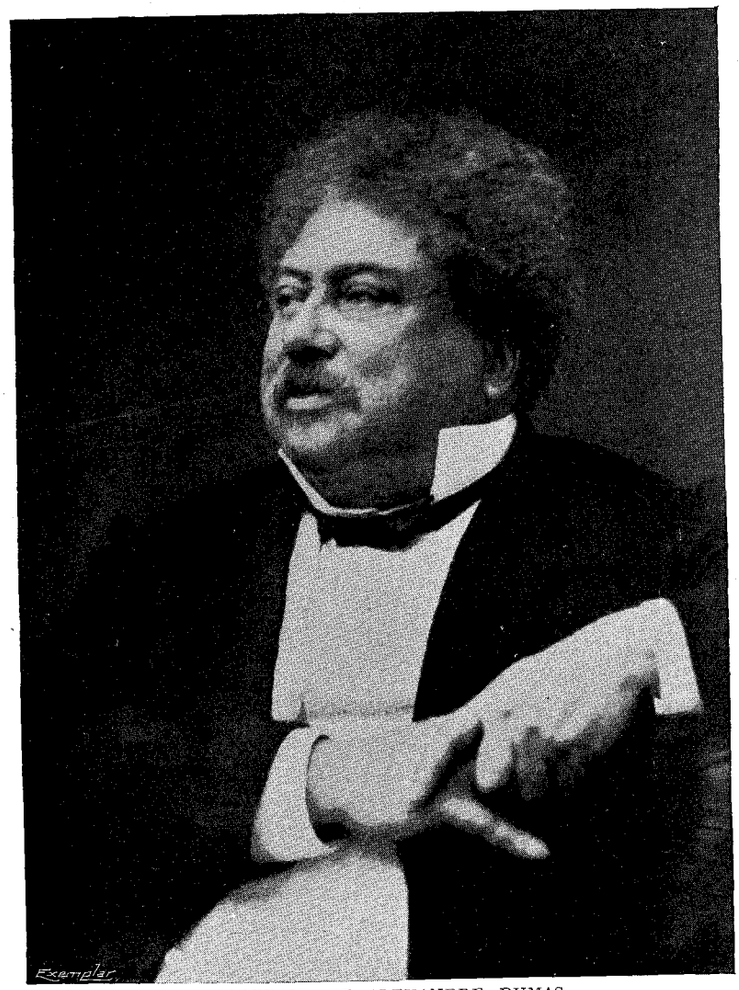


ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN 1840.
After a Lithograph by Maurin.
"The eyes look upward, the expression of the mouth is grave: this is Dumas the man of sentiment and poetry."—"Portrait Notes," by Octave Uzanne.
(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

of music to pianists, a thing which anyone might have a try at; consequently, certain themes like the theme of the rescue of the lady by the knight; Andromeda, by Perseus; Angelica, by Ruggiero; Serena, by Calapen, became living and traditional things, handed on from generation to generation, and continually reshaped and developed. It is very difficult for a modern person to understand what this situation was and how great a difference it made. Imagine what the state of things would be if anyone, anywhere, might write the story of "Diana of the Crossways" over again, not as a parody, not merely as an exercise, not with any change of style or concealment of origin, but simply because he thought he could do it better or as well. Conceive the situation if the first thing that a rising young poet published was almost invariably a reconstruction of "The Ring and the Book." The change is very great, and it is not quite so obviously for the good as most people have supposed. People are very fond of discussing what is the cause of the comparative dwindling of literary greatness in our time. It may be after all that literature is dying of originality and starving from lack of plagiarism. It may be that if we wish to build high we must build more in concert. It may be that if we wish to retain the liberty of elves we must retain their stature.



A PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
"From 1868 onwards, the portraits of the elder Dumas literally swarm. Hundreds of them are to be found in the illustrated periodicals and magazines: a good-sized album would hardly suffice to hold a complete series of the pictures which this big, curly-headed, jovial, laughter-loving man inspired his contemporaries to produce."—"Portrait Notes," by Octave Uzanne.
Rischgitz Collection.

And Dumas had undoubtedly about him this loose and dubious greatness. That he did regard the great material of romance as belonging to nobody in particular and everyone in general, just as it was regarded at many of the great crises of literary triumph. Boccaccio, in the splendid springtime of Europe, would no more have called Chaucer a plagiarist for retelling one of his stories, than one bishop would have called another bishop a plagiarist for wearing a mitre. Just as there was a common stock of religion, of heraldry, of military etiquette, so there was a common stock of literature. Again, in the Elizabethan era, we find the dramatists, the most remarkable minds of the age, living frankly, and almost grossly, the life of rag-pickers; borrowing plays, lending plays, abandoning their own plays, hacking about other people's plays, until so much confusion has arisen about which poet produced which masterpiece, that the less sane people of our own day have even been able to maintain a theory that all the plays were written secretly by the Lord Chief Justice. That darkness, that confusion, that flinging away of a man's own work, that stealing of other men's work, that indifference at the same time to one's own honesty, and to one's own glory, is a life-like picture and prototype of the atmosphere in which Dumas lived. It was an atmosphere which would be perfectly impossible to the modern man of letters, who thinks literature the most important thing in the world. The greatest literary works that English history has seen were produced by people who, in their poverty, and exuberance, and will to live may be said to have despised literature.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE, ABOUT 1870.
(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Dumas' fame is wrapped in similar clouds to those which wrap the fame of about half of the great Elizabethans. Nobody is quite certain that any idea that Dumas presented was

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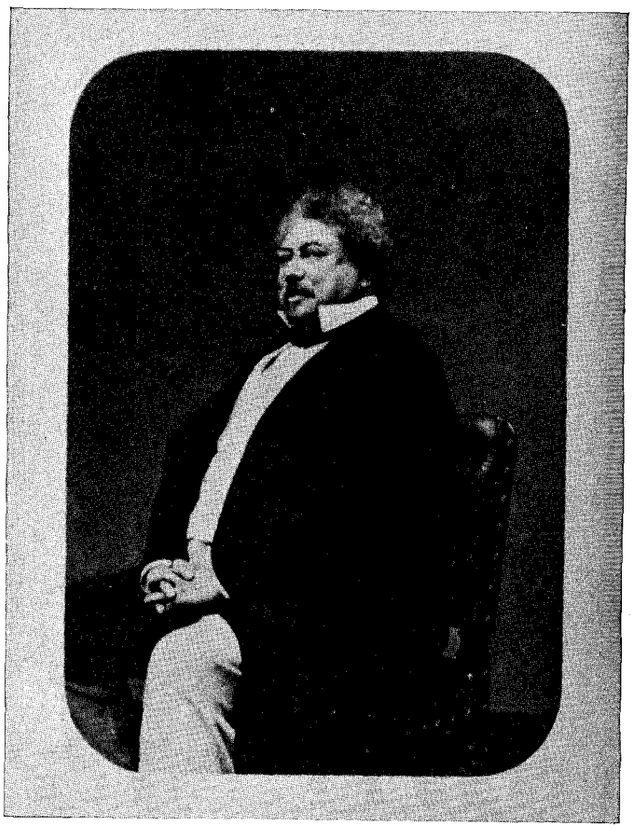
ALEXANDRE DUMAS ABOUT 1870.
Rischgitz Collection.

invented by him. Nobody is quite certain that any line that Dumas published was written by him. But for all that, we know that Dumas was, and must have been, a great man. There are some people who think this kind of doubt clinging to every specific detail does really invalidate the intellectual certainty of the whole. They think that when we are in the presence of a mass that is confessedly solid and inimitable, we must refrain from admiring that mass until we have decided what parts of it are authentic; where the fictitious begins and where the genuine leaves off. Thus, they say that because the books of the New Testament may have been tampered with, we know not to what extent, we must therefore surrender altogether a series of utterances which every rational person has admitted to strike the deepest note of the human spirit. They might as well say that because Vesuvius is surrounded by sloping meadows, and because no one can say exactly where the plain leaves off and the mountain begins, therefore there is no mountain of Vesuvius at all, but a beautiful uninterrupted plain on the spot where it is popularly supposed to stand. Most reasonable people agree that it is possible to see through whatever mists of misrepresentations, that an intellectual marvel has occurred. Most people agree that, whatever may be the interpolations, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Gospels. To descend to smaller things, most people agree, that whatever lending and stealing confused the Elizabethan age, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Elizabethan drama. And to descend to things yet smaller again, most people agree that whatever have been the sins, the evasions, the thefts, the plagiarism, the hackwork, the brazen idleness of the author, an intellectual miracle occurred which produced the novels of Dumas.

In novels of this kind, novels produced in such immeasurable quantities, of such prodigious length, and marked throughout with its haste of production and dubiety of authorship, it is, indeed, impossible that we should find that particular order of literary merit which marks so much of the work that is now produced, and is so much demanded by modern critics; the merit of exact verbal finish and the precision of the *mot juste*. Stevenson would have lain awake at night wondering whether in describing the death of a marquis in a duel, he should describe a sword as glittering or gleaming, or speak of the stricken man staggering back or reeling back. Dumas could not, in the nature of things have troubled his head about such points as that, so long as somebody killed the marquis for him at a moderate figure. All technical gusto, the whole of that abstract lust for words which separates the literary man from the mere thinker, were certain, through the facts of the case, to fade more or less out of Dumas. The supreme element of greatness in him was what may be called ἀρχιτεκτονική—the power of massing a building. He was a great architect, and stands among his hired scribblers like Sir Christopher Wren among the masons at work upon St. Paul's. The idea that he did actually publish books written in detail by others is very much borne out by the fact that nothing is more noticeable in his work than that its talent is chiefly shown in the planning of an incident or a series of incidents. Without going into any of the actual examples, we can, ourselves, imagine the class of eventualities which are the glory of Dumas' romances; and we can imagine Dumas planning them out as a general plans a campaign. We can imagine him telling a secretary as he went out for the day that the two cavaliers were to go to six inns one after another, and find in each a huge banquet prepared for them by an unknown benefactor, or a man in a mask seeking to fix a quarrel upon them. We can imagine him scribbling on a loose piece of paper a list of six Royal Princes, each of whom in succession was to be summoned by the King to assist him against an assassin,



ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE.
Rischgitz Collection.

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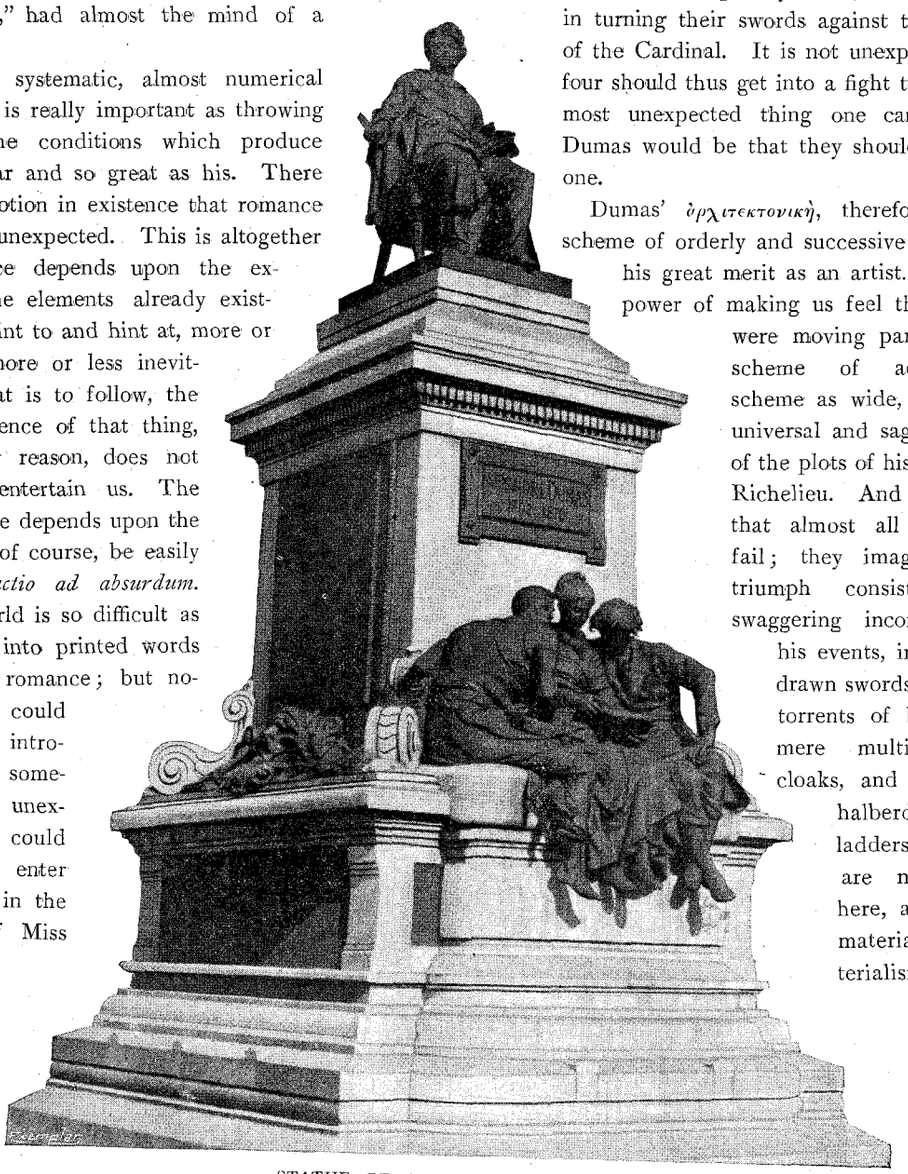
and each of whom in turn was to turn his sword against the King. It was in this dramatic sequence that Dumas was greatest and most readable; he excelled in a kind of systematic disaster, and a kind of orderly crime. He was, after all, a Frenchman in more ways than one, and with all his violence, worldliness, and appetite, there remains in his work something fundamentally logical. The man who made the finest scenes in his romantic writings turn on tangles of relationship, like the triple duel which opens "The Three Musketeers," had almost the mind of a mathematician.

This structural, systematic, almost numerical method of Dumas is really important as throwing some light on the conditions which produce romance so popular and so great as his. There is a very general notion in existence that romance depends upon the unexpected. This is altogether an error: romance depends upon the expected. Unless the elements already existing in the story point to and hint at, more or less darkly, but more or less inevitably, the thing that is to follow, the mere brute occurrence of that thing, without rhyme or reason, does not either excite or entertain us. The theory that romance depends upon the unexpected could, of course, be easily refuted by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Nothing in the world is so difficult as to catch and put into printed words the true spirit of romance; but nothing in the world could be so easy as to introduce into a story something that was unexpected. Anybody could make a mad bull enter the drawing-room in the middle of one of Miss Fowler's epigrammatic conversations, or make one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' stories end abruptly with the blowing of the trump of the Resurrection. Nothing could be more unexpected than these things would be; but they would not excite us; they would bore us like the conversational rambling of an idiot in a cell. Romance depends, if not absolutely upon the expected, at least upon something that may be called the half-expected. The true romantic ending is something that has been prophesied by our sub-consciousness. We feel the spirit of romance when Ulysses springs upon the table, his rags falling from him, and shoots Antinous in the throat. It would be much more unexpected, if that were all, if he turned three somersaults in the air and announced that he was only Ulysses' ship's carpenter, playing a practical joke. Similarly, we feel the spirit of romance when D'Artagnan joins his three adversaries in turning their swords against the musketeers of the Cardinal. It is not unexpected that the four should thus get into a fight together. The most unexpected thing one can imagine in Dumas would be that they should not get into one.



STATUE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
By Gustave Doré.
Rischgitz Collection.

Dumas' ἀρχιτεκτονική, therefore, his large scheme of orderly and successive adventures, is his great merit as an artist. He had the power of making us feel that his heroes were moving parts of a great scheme of adventures, a scheme as wide, as politic, as universal and sagacious as one of the plots of his own Cardinal Richelieu. And it is in this that almost all his imitators fail; they imagine that his triumph consisted in the swaggering inconsequence of his events, in innumerable drawn swords; in ceaseless torrents of blood, in the mere multiplication of cloaks, and feathers, and halberds, and rope ladders. These things are not romance; here, as everywhere, materials and materialism mislead us. Dumas was a great romanticist because he had the sense of something solid and eternal in old valour, in old manners, in old friends. But a mere drawn sword is no more poetical than a pocket-knife. A mere dead man is not in any sense so dramatic as a living one. Men that find no romance in life will certainly find none in death.

VERY FINE OLD PORT.*

By W. Pett Ridge.

THE really humorous writers in England can be numbered on one hand without troubling the thumb. You mention the names of Mr. Anstey, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Barry Pain, and when the name of the writer of the book before me has been given, there is an end of the list. Plenty of us can write in a light-hearted way when it does not rain, and we are feeling pretty well, but we have no

* "At Sunwich Port." By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Newnes.)

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D'ARTAGNAN.

From the Dumas Statue by Gustave Doré.

(Reproduced from "The Three Musketeers," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

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right whatever to a position amongst the members of this select front rank. I understand they make enormous incomes (this only emphasises the line of demarcation) and they deserve every million they get; the joy they offer to grey lives, the solace they offer to the harassed man, the excuse they furnish for smiles—these things are not fully paid for by the disbursement of four-and-sixpence at the discount bookseller's. When a new writer takes a new pen and sits down before a quire of white foolscap, his first idea is to utilise the power by making the world's blood run cold, or to encourage melancholia by recital of a desolate love story. For this, the magazines are partly responsible. The magazines, it would seem, possess artists whose limitations are reached when they draw young men and women in evening dress, looking into each other's eyes; of be-furred men on horseback pursued by animals which the legend underneath declares to be wolves. Here one may venture to commend the illustrations in Mr. Jacobs's new book. Mr. Will Owen knows the types and, what is more to the purpose, he can draw them with all that economy of line that in black and white work gives content.

I am no critic, and I can best cloak this painful circumstance by pointing out the defects in Mr. Jacobs's novel. He is never, I think, quite so good in work done *à la longue haleine* as in those of a shorter breath, and in this book the building of the story strikes one as being lop-sided. The early chapters with the child life of the hero and the heroine are superfluous; all that they had been is conveyed quite well in the remainder of the book; the last chapters furnish an entirely new scheme concerning only the heroine's brother and his entanglement. I cannot understand why Captain Nugent was put on board the *Conqueror* instead of the son being placed on the *Seabird*, and I am not quite sure how Mr. Swann did it. Having said which, there remains nothing but praise. Mr. Jacobs has for a time given up the sea, and here, in "Sunwich Port," he is on land with retired captains and lovely daughters, ex-stewards, gallant ship-brokers, and second-hand clothes merchants. It is all very capital, and I found in reading that I cared less whether Jem Hardy married Miss Nugent than that Mrs. Kybird should reappear in each chapter. Mrs. Kybird, having arranged with much strategy the engagement of her daughter to young Nugent, sits back in her chair and gazes at the young couple fondly.

"It reminds me of our wedding," she said, softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"'Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something, I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He *did*," said Mr. Kybird, grimly, "and I pretty near broke his 'ead for it. 'Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird calls on a lady relative of her daughter's *fiancé* and is received with haughtiness.

"I am not a great talker, but I am very careful whom I converse with," said Mrs. Kingdom, in her most stately manner.

"I knew a lady like that once," said Mrs. Kybird; "leastways, she wasn't a lady," she added meditatively.

Also, I like young Mr. Silk, who, after the faithless conduct of Miss Kybird, becomes a prey to despair and talks moodily of last long sleeps and graves; and Mr. Jacobs has only to write a whole book about Mr. Silk's mother, and I will guarantee to read it. I can't say fairer than that. Mr. Jacobs is always happy in his heroines; if, as he has declared, his characters have their originals in real life, I must congratulate him sincerely in this regard on his exceptional good fortune. Some of us when we want to introduce charming young women into our stories betray that deplorable want of experience which mere invention can never conceal; it is good to encounter in Mr. Jacobs's works the alert, self-possessed, good young woman, who is never at a loss for repartee. This would indeed be a more diverting world if people would but act and speak as they do in Mr. Jacobs's books. As it is, I can imagine the young City man taking his fortnight's holiday and determining to see something of the life written of in "Many Cargoes," and taking ship, therefore, at St. Katherine's Docks. Of his disappointment on finding that the captain did not come on board in petticoats; of his regret when the cook proved to be only a cook and not a prize-fighter; of his open revolt on discovering that the mate was not engaged to the most beautiful young woman in Poplar; of his expressions of undisguised annoyance when it became clear that the boat did not possess so much as a single lady stowaway.

Mr. Jacobs never forces a situation, never insists on a humorous reference. He flatters the reader by leaving always something to the reader's intelligence, giving thus the suggestion that the reader is on terms of equality in regard to cleverness. He avoids giving the finish of a sentence when the finish is obvious; he is always on the side of reticence. For all of which, I, for one, have long owed him a gratitude which I hereby pay. The book is dedicated to "My Daughter Barbara." Happy daughter Barbara to have her name associated with a story that will carry amusement all around the world!

BRET HARTE.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

AFFECTION tinged with apology was the almost universal epitaph on Bret Harte. The charming sentimentalist of the Sierra crossed the bar on a flood-tide of charming sentiment. The dead disciple of Dickens drew from Englishmen an attenuated echo of the wistful sigh which made the death of Dickens an Anglo-Saxon sorrow. He loved Dickens, Dickens loved him, and therefore we loved him. As one born too late to bask in this dual enchantment, I vainly sought in the obituaries for an explanation of it. Praise there was in abundance, but it was vague, languid, blurred. Men seemed to be renewing an old emotion, a forgotten delight, a faded loyalty. There was a rustle as of old love-letters and ancient flowers in the newspapers. As I watched the faint stirrings of former enthusiasms in the dry, cold light of death, I began to feel the pathos of it all, and to realise

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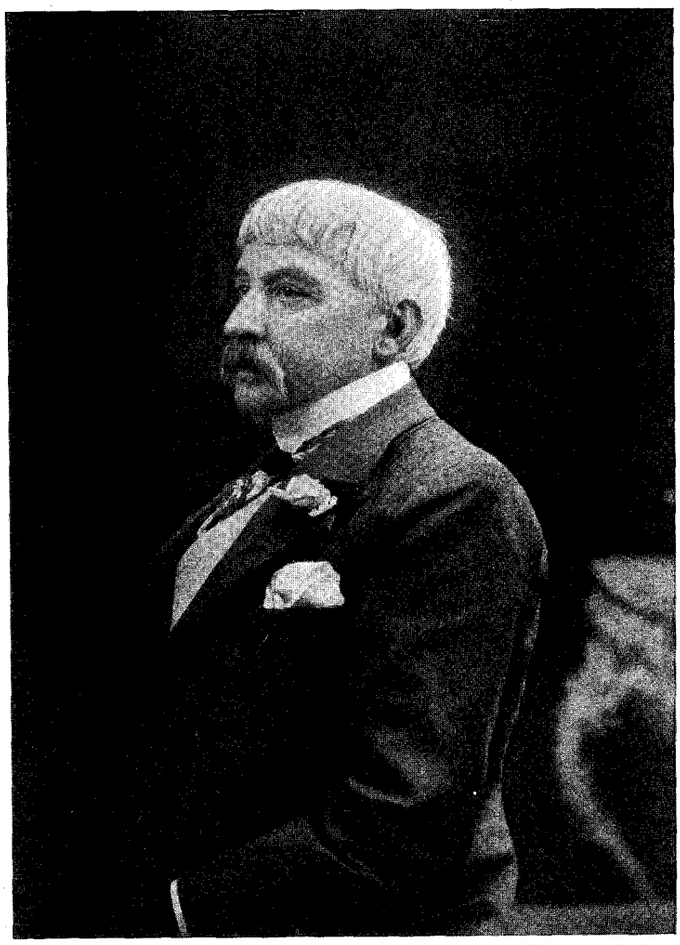
the gallant kindliness of human nature. Somehow the memory of love is infinitely tenderer than love itself, for love is selfish, whereas the requickening of love is the pure gold of gratitude.

It is not my fault that fiction had left Bret Harte far behind before I came on the scene, and so made his work for me a landmark rather than a revelation. For there is no doubt that we have outgrown the art which relies on picturesque lay figures grouped against a romantic backcloth. Our emotions no longer respond to the gestures of the well-made marionette. We are not tired of romance, but we are tired of pseudo-romance. We demand romance mingled with realism, and realism mingled with romance. In Bret Harte's best stories the presence of the scene-painter, the stage-carpenter, and the stage-manager jars on our consciousness. The sharp, sudden invasion of life seldom surprises us, How, then, can we explain his vogue? Why did he thrill two continents? In the first place, I think he was a purveyor of new news. His background was novel, and his miners were not yet become a literary convention. They gratified that love of the strange and remote which is one of the curious eccentricities of human nature. In the second place, he supplied part of the demand for sentiment which Dickens stimulated in the Anglo-Saxon heart. He used primary colours, and he laid them on thick. The rough, blasphemous miner was an irresistible conduit for pathetic emotions. Strength and wickedness turning into tenderness and virtue raised a lump in the throat of the most innocent audience that ever rejoiced over electro-plated art. To-day we smile where we used to snivel. Bret Harte did not change: we changed. Perhaps we have become more cynical. At any rate, our tear passages are blocked, and few can unseal them.



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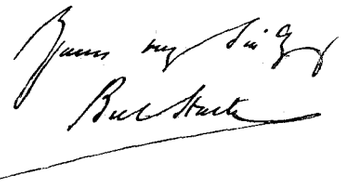

If you wish to discover how far we have travelled since the sixties and seventies, read "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and then read Maxim Gorky's "Twenty-six Men and a Girl." Both writers try to show the effect of idealism on brutalised natures. Bret Harte takes "Cherokee Sal," an Indian prostitute, puts her in a degraded mining settlement, and sanctifies her by motherhood. That is good art. He lets her die, while her child survives. That is not so good. It is the pathos of accident. He sends the miners in to see the child. That is good art. He makes the presence of the child work a revolution in the camp. Strong men wash their faces and wear clean shirts in order to be worthy of the child. That is not good art. Finally, he drowns the child and his readers in a deluge of melodramatic sentiment. That is bad art. Gorky, on the other hand, keeps rigidly within the bounds of plausibility. He makes a young girl the one gleam of idealism in the life of obscene bakers slaving in a cellar, but he does not pretend that Tanya made them wash their faces and wear clean shirts. He simply shows that into the foul misery of these wretches came a glimmer of romance. Then he lets you see the selfishness of romance. These twenty-six bakers set up a lien on Tanya's innocence, and when Tanya failed their selfish idealism, they insulted her, while she scornfully hurled them back into their joyless cellar. That is good art, for it never goes an inch beyond the limit of sincere belief. It does not ask you to weep over accidental pathos. It is the pathos of human will, human temperament, human desire. In short, while Bret Harte assaults your emotions by deliberate artifice, Gorky allows life to assault you through the medium of art.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" might be analysed in the same way. The whole tableau is arranged with a bare-faced resolution to draw your tears. You feel that there is nothing inevitable in the isolation of the outcasts, in the snowstorm, in the suicide of the card-sharper, or in the in-death-they-were-not-divided pathos of vice and virtue. And even "Miggles," I fear, will hardly bear a close examination. The assault and battery on our emotions is too direct, too deliberate. We like to be outflanked nowadays, and the old-fashioned frontal attack melts away before our indulgent smiles with their high velocity and flat trajectory. "Mliss," alas! no longer moves us. We prefer "What Maisie Knew" to what "Mliss" didn't know. Perhaps, after all, the fault is ours, not Bret Harte's, and we ought to apologise for the sophisticated fastidiousness of our nerves.

In one respect, Bret Harte was unrivalled—as a master of solemn humour in verse. "The Heathen Chinee" is hack-

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neyed, but it is as fresh as the day it was written, and it is likely to endure. Why? Simply and solely on account of its perfect form. It is merely an anecdote, an American anecdote, not more dryly humorous than a hundred other American anecdotes. But it is cast in an imperishable mould of style. Of course, Bret Harte was no metricist. He had hardly any sense of rhythm, but Mr. Swinburne's noble rhythm sang itself into his soul, and he gave it forth again in an incongruously comic theme. The rhythm of a melancholy dirge became the rhythm of duplicity in the garb of innocence. The sadness and the sighing of Meleager became the bland iniquity of Ah Sin and the indignantly injured depravity of Bill Nye. It was a miracle of humorous counterpoint, a marvel of incongruously associated ideas. I think there is an element of chance in the fabrication of great poems. The concatenation comes, the artist puts the pieces into their places, and the result is permanent wonder. "The Heathen Chinee" in its happy felicity is quite as unique as "The Blessed Damozel." The kind of felicity is different, but in its inimitability it is the same. No man will ever write a second "Heathen Chinee," and no man will ever write a second "Blessed Damozel." Bret Harte tried the "Atalanta" metre in "Dow's Flat," but it failed because there was no exquisite discord between the sound and the sense, between the rhyme and the reason:

Dow's Flat. That's its name,
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

There the metre is meaningless, but here how perfectly derisive:

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table, with the smile that was childlike and bland.

In order to feel the full force of this incomparably derisive rhythm, the "Atalanta" chorus and the "Heathen Chinee" ought to be mixed up together, thus:

Let your hands meet
Round the weight of my head;
Lift ye my feet
As the feet of the dead;
For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten as lead.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—which the same I would rise to explain.

O thy luminous face,
Thine imperious eyes!
O the grief, O the grace,
As of day when it dies!
Who is this bending over thee, lord, with tears and suppression of sighs?

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike, as I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

I know that Bret Harte was fatigued by the popularity of "The Heathen Chinee," but nevertheless I think that it, rather than his stories, will keep his memory green.

THE NEW VOLUMES OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."*

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE first of the long expected new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," forming vol. xxv. of the complete work, has at length appeared, together with an announcement as to the perfected scheme of the undertaking which cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to the literary world. The whole work, in thirty-five uniform tomes, is to be completed by May, 1903, and the two families (of twenty-four old volumes and eleven new ones) are to be known collectively as the Tenth Edition. The new volume before us is a massive quarto of upwards of 800 pages, and it will not be thought that it has appeared any too soon, when it is realised that its task is to supplement and bring up-to-date a volume which appeared more than a quarter of a century ago, namely, in 1875.

The present is pre-eminently an age of Encyclopædias. Murray's "Oxford Dictionary," and the "Encyclopædia Biblica," Lord Acton's still promised symposium of "Modern History," the sixty-six volumes of the completed "Dictionary of National Biography," and the thirty-one enormous tomes of the still progressing "Grande Encyclopédie," are but a few illustrations of the modern love for "colossal" books, which has its counterpart in a corresponding foible for the tabloid literature—the innumerable bijou and booklet series of the past six or seven years. The process by which the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is going to expand itself from twenty-four into thirty-five volumes has its analogy in that by which the indispensable "Larousse" (the "invaluable Larousse" as Mr. Gissing calls it, in the language of "New Grub Street") expanded and brought itself up-to-date in two huge supplements, between 1878 and 1890. Only, as may be gathered from the particulars that we have already given and from the indications afforded in the prefatory matter, with its immense list of "editors," "departmental editors," "associate editors," "sub-editors," and contributors, the proceedings of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are conducted upon a much larger scale.

The "Britannica" has always been pre-eminent for the soundness and thoroughness of its scientific treatises, many of them forming original summaries of the highest value, and representing not only a *locus classicus*, but the last word on the subject as it stood at the time of publication. A majority of the more important articles in the present volume are deliberate continuations of the treatises in the ninth edition; the juncture between the old work and the new is skilfully effected; and the reputation of the writers to whom the new work is entrusted affords in almost every case the best possible guarantee that the quality of

* Encyclopædia Britannica. Volume XXV. Vol. I. of New Volumes. (Office of the *Times*.)

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the article is fully maintained. But the "Encyclopædia" has not been content to rest upon its laurels, for it has developed largely in the direction of supplying us with a comprehensive gazetteer and a biographical dictionary, which should also comprise the names of many living worthies of established reputation. It has further greatly increased the scope of its maps and illustrations.

The opportunity of displaying these new accomplishments in Vol. I., extending from "Aachen" to "Australia," is not a particularly favourable one; for, although four of the great divisions of the globe (Africa, by Dr. Scott Keltie; Asia, by Sir T. H. Holdrich; America and Australia, by various writers), come under this section of the alphabet, the number of proper names in A is exceptionally small and the number of place-names not conspicuously large. The letter A, in fact, is pre-eminently modern and scientific; and in the treatment of scientific themes it is superfluous to state that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is A 1.

In the delightful occupation of browsing around the new volume in the quest of *aliquid novi*, it may be conceded that the less austerely scientific reader will find himself rather often upon the frontiers of large tracts of scientific territory, the atmosphere of which is not seldom extremely rarified. The very centre of the volume, for instance, is occupied by a formidable volcano of "Algebraic Forms," the laval streams of which extend from p. 273 to p. 315. The reader, in unnerved flight, will find his escape barred in one direction by Admiralty Administration, by a vast quagmire of Agriculture, and by extensive compounds devoted to Accumulators and Acoustics. In the other direction he is intimidated by Anatomy and Angiosperms (a museum of perfectly astounding linguistic "freaks" in eleven pages by Prof. Bayley Balfour), Arthropoda, Astronomy, and Atmospheric Electricity. Panic-stricken, he doubles again, only to find himself in the toils of the Arachnida.

From Photo by [*Elliott and Fry.*

SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, K.C.I.E.

Editor of the New Volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

In sober earnest one can scarcely fail to be concerned about the capacity of the coming generation to transmit to posterity the terrible accumulations of scientific iniquity that are concentrated into these portentous monographs. That human being should understand such complexities and yet live must always be a source of unmitigated astonishment to the unassuming bookman.

Yet if it is exceptionally strong in Science, A is also an essentially modern and up-to-date letter. Among a variety of new topics that find admirable treatment here we shall find special entertainment in the articles on Advertisement, Aeronautics, Aluminium, Anglican Communion and Orders, Anti-Semitism, and International Arbitration. We are glad to be assured that in England at any rate the editor does not stand in awe of the advertiser. A striking distinction between advertising conditions in England and America is that in Great Britain the magazines and reviews play but a secondary rôle, while in America the largest circulating monthlies are of more importance, by far, as advertising mediums than the biggest dailies. Anti-Semitism is treated in a very capable, synthetic article by Mr. Lucien Wolf. The fruit of a great ethnographic and political error, it is revealed here as a thin disguise for political disease, except, indeed, in Russia, where it is a symptom of defective civilisation. No one can read these pages without a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction that England has been spared this particular form of epidemic. The racial doctrine of Anti-Semitism is at best a crude hypothesis. Its "nationalist theory has only served to throw into striking relief the essentially economic bases of modern society, while its political activity has revealed the vulgarity and ignorance, which constitute its main sources of strength. So far from injuring the Jews, it has really given Jewish racial separatism a new lease of life." In the article on the French Academy there is much of a recapitulatory nature that will be of value to the literary reader, a survey, for instance, of the great names in French Literature that have been excluded from the forty; these include Molière, Scarron, Voiture, Descartes, Malebranche, Pascal, Saint Simon, Vauvenar-

From Photo by [*Elliott and Fry.*

MR. HUGH CHISHOLM.

One of the Editors of the New Volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

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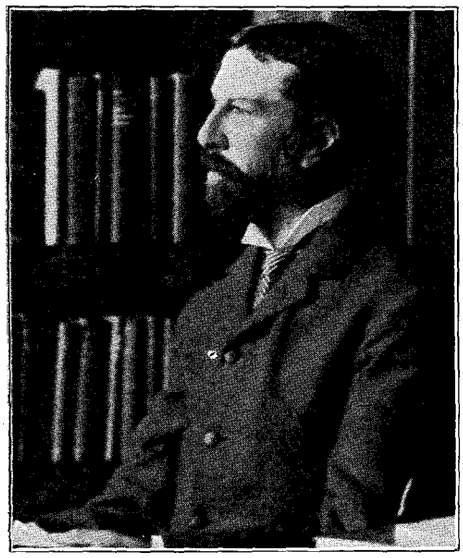
gues, Le Sage, Prévost, Rousseau, Beaumarchais, Diderot, Condillac, Lamennais, Béranger, Michelet, Gautier, Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant, and the two Balzacs. An as-



PRESIDENT HADLEY, OF YALE UNIVERSITY.
One of the Editors of the New Volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

tonishing list in whatever light we regard it. Mr. Chanute, on the subject of aeronautics, seems hopeful, but by no means sanguine, of proximate success, the preliminary conditions of which must be safety and stability in mid-air. The way in which spiritual autonomy has been gradually assured to the various over-sea branches of the Anglican Communion forms the subject of another useful article. The extra-territorial jurisdiction of Canterbury has been steadily curtailed, but there survives "a strong affection for and deference to the See of Canterbury, which shows itself by frequent consultation and exchange of greetings; there is also a strong common life, which has been emphasised in recent years by common action and seems likely to be even more significant in the future."

The articles in the artistic department, which come under the departmental editorship of Mr. Spielmann, are exceptionally interesting—stimulating, suggestive, and well written That on Classical Archæology, by Mr. Percy Gardner, deals with the early history of vase-painting, the discovery of the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the vast accessions to our knowledge which excavations (which that notable find stimulated) have recently brought to light. The contrast between recent developments in English and American Architecture is instructively developed by Mr. Statham, in an article indicating modern French and German Architecture respectively as types of civilised and barbaric art. Mr. Phené Spiers, in his article on Classical Architecture gives valuable emphasis to the recent discovery of the comparatively late (Hadrianic) origin of the Pantheon rotunda. Extremely valuable again, if a little dogmatic, is the paper on Art Galleries, differentiating as of "international importance" those of London, Berlin, Paris, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Florence, and thus excluding the Brera at Milan, the Antwerp Galleries, and the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. In 1880 the Louvre "was undoubtedly the first gallery in Europe, but its supremacy has since been menaced by other establishments, where acquisitions are made more frequently and with greater care," and where a better system of classification is adopted. The biographical department contributes but little to the attractions of the present volume. By far the most important item is the weighty and admirable critical notice of Matthew Arnold by Mr. Watts-Dunton. Following this in interest, though at a considerable interval, are the articles on Airy, Ahmed Vefik, Alarcón, and Ampthill, so called, according to Disraeli, because he was "impossible to sit upon." Many of the biographies are so truncated as to lose all human semblance and become mere labels of *Who's Who* pattern. The general impression conveyed by the present volume is that the world-wide interest and scientific authority of the "Encyclopædia" is fully maintained, but that the extension of its scope in the direction of gazetteer and biographical dictionary is a somewhat hazardous experiment, for the justification of which the present volume affords barely sufficient data.

. . . . . .

The second of the eleven volumes has put in an appearance opportunely so as to admit of our modifying the opinions just expressed. In this volume, which extends from "Austria-Hungary" to "Chiavenna," by an accident of what the editors describe as "Alphabetisation" the human, as opposed to the scientific interest, is very much stronger than in Volume I. Another marked feature of Volume II. is the very large number of geographical articles of the very highest importance and interest. These include, in addi-

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By a SOCIETY of GENTLEMEN in SCOTLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH.
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And fold by COLIN MACFARQUHAR, at his Printing-office, Nicolfon-ftreet.
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TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

tion to Austria-Hungary, Babylonia (by Professor Sayce), Balkan Peninsula, Baluchistan, Belgium, Bengal, Berlin (by Mr. P. A. Ashworth), Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, British Colum-

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bia, the British Empire (by Miss Flora Shaw), Bulgaria, Burma, California, Canada, Cape Colony, Caucasus (by Prince Kropotkin), Central Africa (by Sir Harry Johnston), and Ceylon. Finance and Statistical Science are exceptionally well represented by long articles on Banking, Bankruptcy (in significant proximity to which comes Betting), Bills of Exchange, Bimetallism, Census, Charities and Chartered Companies. Even in the articles of strictly scientific import, such as Bacteriology, Birds, Boilers, Bridges (by Professor W. C. Unwin), Cancer (by Dr. Shadwell), and Chemistry (by Professor A. G. Armstrong), there is little of the peculiar aridity which seems to characterise the scientific temperament of the letter A. Among the articles of a miscellaneous character in which most will probably be found to interest the general reader, we can safely specify the admirable contribution on the recently discovered lyric poet, Bacchylides (by Sir Richard Jebb), Belgian Literature (by Mr. Arthur Symons), Bookbinding, Bookplates (by Egerton Castle, with excellent illustrations), Buddhism (by Professor Rhys Davids), Bull-fighting, Caricature, and Chess (by Mr. Hoffer). It is somewhat cheerless to be told that we have during the past twenty-five years produced not a single master to replace the veterans of the Old Guard—Burn, Blackburne, Mason, and Bird. But it is some slight satisfaction that the present champion, Dr. Lasker, is a naturalised British subject, and a lecturer in an English University.

In biographical interest the second volume differs *toto cælo* from the first. There are still, it is true, a number of memoirs to which the space allotted seems curiously meagre—to give a few instances, Baer, Bashkirtseff, Bauer, William Black, Blackmore, Rosa Bonheur, Borrow, Cherbuliez. There are, on the other hand, a number of Lives of extraordinary interest. Mr. Greenwood's Beaconsfield is an extremely ambitious production, written in a very profound style, but suggesting for its author the fate of the astronomer in the fable. In his anxiety to cast Dizzy's horoscope for all time has he not failed to depict the most essential thing of all, the wondrous picturesqueness of the man? There is a sagacious article on Bismarck by Mr. J. W. Headlam (with an excellent portrait); but the best fortune in biography attends the articles on Browning and Carlyle, in which we are glad to recognise the hand of the consummate veteran, Mr. Leslie Stephen. Among other lives we can merely notify those of Bagehot, Bain, Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Balfour, R. Barnfield, W. Barnes, Archbishop Benson, T. E. Brown, Sarah Bernhardt, Bourget, and Sir Richard Burton.

SUCH IS—NOT—LIFE.*

By J. E. Hodder Williams.

DR. MARGARET TODD'S new novel lingers in memory. I have found myself, half unconsciously, trying to think the author's thoughts after her, to make her fiction fit facts as I understand them, to look squarely at the world through another's eyes. I have communed, discussed, disputed with one who has resolutely lived, and in living has learned much.

This, you will say at once, matters nothing to anyone but myself. It is not criticism. And yet, is it not time that we recognised more fully that the ultimate judgment of the value of every book rests, and will rest for ever, with the individual reader? And even the most illiterate has within him a self-appointed critic against whom all the pens of Grub Street can avail nothing. A reader's memory is, after all, the author's final court of appeal. We talk and write glibly enough of the books of the moment, of the hour, of the year, and sometimes we prophesy fullness of days—and our judgment is valuable in proportion to our knowledge of the lives and needs of the present and coming races—but we are at last compelled to admit that a book which for us is voiceless and dead may touch into life some chord in another heart, may speak in richest tones to another brain, that you can never plant your feet where another man stands, that it is just as impossible to read for me as to live my life, that the book which clings to the remembrance of a single reader has in it the germ of immortality. Trite and obvious enough, I know; but the only adequate excuse for the seeming impertinence of personal criticism.

I leave to others the task of deciding whether "The Way of Escape" is good as literature, is successful as art. Beyond question it is written with such seriousness of purpose, such earnestness and conviction, and withal with such grace of style, that it demands and deserves a consideration not accorded to one out of many hundreds of current novels. To me, however, the supreme interest of the book is its faithfulness or falseness as a picture of Life. To Dr. Margaret Todd's honesty all homage is due in these days of the perjured literary conscience. It is in this that lies the strength and appeal, and, possibly, the danger of the story and its message. But honesty of purpose does not of necessity carry with it rightness of judgment, clearness of vision and understanding. Is "The Way of Escape" true? Has Dr. Margaret Todd interpreted rightly the answers to the questions she has asked of Life?

I think not.

I believe that from first to last she has exaggerated the dark, the mean, the ugly, the uncharitable, the tragic. Life is hard enough, but it is not so hard, so crushing, so brutal, so damning as Dr. Todd would have us believe. No unthinking optimism this, nor the momentary expression of a rose-coloured mood, but the deep conviction that no greater lie was ever penned than that which stands upon the title-page of "The Way of Escape."

> The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
> Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

It would be easy to confound the tentmaker in lines of nobler poets, but this matter is not to be decided by a

* "The Way of Escape." By Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M.D.). 6s. (Blackwood.)

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dictionary of quotations. Consider the actual case against Life as presented in "The Way of Escape," and judge between Life and Dr. Margaret Todd.

Vera Carruthers falls, and of the woman who sins as she sinned Life surely demands a grievous penalty. That penalty, says Dr. Margaret Todd, the woman will never, can never pay. Do what she will, scrape, save, strive as she may, the duns of Life hound her unceasingly, wait unrelenting for payment to the uttermost farthing of a debt which can only be discharged by Death itself. Is that true? Is Life less merciful than human justice which dare not refuse the chance of a fresh start to the bankrupt who has honestly striven to meet his liabilities? Is hope a delusion, does repentance carry no balm, is restitution a mockery? Does Life with desecrating hand ever scrape the mould from the grave where its children would bury their past? Must the past befor ever present? Hard, terribly hard, Life certainly is, is justly and must be, to such as Vera Carruthers. Is it ghoulish, ferocious, thirsting like a vampire for blood? Does Life know nothing of pity?

From Photo by] [*Elliott and Fry.*

DR. MARGARET TODD ("GRAHAM TRAVERS").

Is there no way of escape save Death? Dr. Margaret Todd can find none, though her story bears many traces that she has sought diligently with tears. But Death, sudden and welcome as surcease of pain, comes not to them that love its appearing. It is one of the deep mysteries that in the world as we know it Death so seldom offers the way of escape. Death always waits at the beck and call of the novelist, ready, when every other expedient has failed, to solve the riddle of the universe. But look fairly at experience and you will find that Death plays no such genial part. Otherwise the exceeding bitter cry of Job had not echoed down the ages from the myriad hearts searching for the way of escape.

No, no! Life is itself the way or escape, the life of to-day and to-morrow the way of escape from the life of yesterday. How? By a thousand ways, devious and tortuous, winding hither and thither, but all leading towards the paths of peace. Vera wrecks her life at the outset, and this is the expression of her most sanguine hour years, twenty years, after: "It is wonderful what a habitable raft the pieces make, and the situation has its compensations. *One never forgets for a moment that one is on the deep.*" Never forgets for a moment? Is that true? I can understand that in the morbid, introspective atmosphere of some obscure nook, where she would seek to forget and to be forgotten, even by God, Vera might live alone with the nightmare of her memory, for the silences are ever full of the choir invisible of the past—chanting dirge or pæan. But Vera crowds her life with new energies, new emotions, new anxieties, bows down under the burden of duties borne with noble self-sacrifice. And yet nightly she parts with "the worst thing of all" only to find it pointing at her in devilish malignity as she wakes. Is that true?

Is there no way of escape in religion? I hesitate to write of this, but it seems to me that Dr. Margaret Todd, in all reverence, says—No. Starting life as an agnostic, Vera, after fighting her battle alone, at length faces the past "with the hosts of the Lord at her back." Is Life to have the victory even with such a force behind the woman?

Is man so beyond measure — so unutterably — mean as Dr. Margaret Todd pictures him? I am not thinking merely or chiefly of Giles Willoughby the betrayer, though before the Giles Willoughby of the first chapters can become the base creature of the great denial, the leopard must change his spots. Only the supremely vicious man deliberately, quietly standing at "the parting of the ways," weighing himself in the balances, chooses as did Giles Willoughby. And he, we are told, knew and understood that the world was well lost for love. This strong man, "with his triple steel," might have sinned hotly in the heat of passion. He would have chosen honestly, fearlessly, nobly in cold calculation. Men have passed through his ordeal before and come out tried as by fire—thousands of times. Why did not the way of escape lie through marriage with Giles Willoughby?

But leave Giles out of the question, for if he had acted as I say most men do act, Vera's story would have ended at the beginning. Did love offer no way of escape? Vera

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Carruthers is not altogether dead at heart, the springs are not for ever dried up. After a time her heart lives again in the love and devotion of Captain Dunbar. Could she not have hidden the pitiful past deep down in his love? Women have done it before—thousands of times—have watched in wonder how love can cover and conceal. And they have forgotten. The revelation of the tragedy behind the life which he thought "straight and transparent as sunlight," would, it is true, have shaken Captain Dunbar's faith to the foundations. But man's foundations have stood more awful shocks than this. There are still men left in the world whose hearts are not built upon the sand.

Is man so utterly God-forsaken of pity as Harold? Vera had sacrificed all for her brothers and sisters, had lived for them, and made life for them. And they were devoted to her. There is no hint of anything coarse and vile in their characters, they are healthy, normal, pleasant types—until Vera tells them—twenty years after. The conversation between Harold and Vera is a libel on manhood. Dr. Margaret Todd may have known the reality behind much of Vera's experience, but she cannot justify that scene. Does a man, a gentleman, in face of such soul's agony of despair talk of "one more illusion," cast Gretchen and Mary Magdalene and *his* blasted prospects in his sister's teeth?

To me there is much that is incredible in "The Way of Escape." But this is more. It is revolting, an insult to our common humanity.

And if the "exposure" had come, if Vera had "made public confession of that old story," what would have been the world's attitude? Some would have shrugged their shoulders and forgotten, one or two base spirits would perhaps have sniffed and sneered—and forgotten, but am I in turn exaggerating woman's charity when I say that from all sides you would have heard the verdict that fell from Vera's one confidante, "You are a brave and good woman as our poor little standards go"? Am I, in turn, exaggerating man's power of pity when I say that Mr. Raeburn's command, "Hats off," would have been welcomed and obeyed? Vera had forgiven herself, and the world is ever more ready to forgive the sinner than the sinner to forgive herself. And if I have painted its charity too brightly, surely no one will deny that from mere motives of selfishness the world is too busy to throw stones, its hands too full even to pick them up.

Such is—NOT—Life. If it were, hell were heaven to thousands of women alive to-day. Comparisons are odious enough in such a case, but if Vera, only seventeen, a child of the sunlight, "a flower on the tree of happiness," unthinking, unknowing, can find no way of escape though she search every cranny of life's walls, can never forget though she fight for oblivion for twenty years—what of those, the thousands, who cannot plead such extenuation? That Dr. Margaret Todd has written with noble purpose of warning, I do not doubt for an instant. But has she considered that there is more than the warning of Beware in this cry of Nevermore, that her story is a counsel of despair from the night's Plutonian shore? Does she realise that the words she inscribes on Vera's grey granite cross give the lie to her story—or are worse than mockery?

New Books.

A STRIKING FIRST NOVEL.*

Mr. Fisher Unwin has certainly made a happy start with his "First Novel Library." Reviewers were agreed in hailing Miles Amber's "Wistons" as a promising book, and I fancy a welcome no less cordial awaits No. 2 in the series, Mrs. Byrde's "The Searchers." No story could be more obviously a first attempt. It has all the beginner's crudity of workmanship; it "wanders about into several keys"; in some places admirably invented, in others it falls back with childlike confidence upon the oldest and stagiest of devices. But it has also the beginner's freshness, spirit, and earnestness of conviction, and this earnestness carries it with unfaltering confidence through old conventionalities of plot which would frighten a practised story-teller out of the field. There is Mr. Griffiths, the banker, for example, "with worried lines between his eyes, and his three pretty, well-dressed girls beside him." We know those worried lines, we pity

MRS. MARGARETTA BYRDE.
The author of "The Searchers."
From Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

those pretty, well-dressed girls in advance: for Mr. Griffiths' bank must break, as every bank must break in fiction (unless someone saves it at the critical moment of a "run" by driving up in a waggonette full of bags of specie, or bags of pebbles artfully covered with a top-dressing of specie). We cannot believe in that bank, we tell ourselves: as the cheerful sceptic said of ghosts, we "have seen too many of them." But Mrs. Byrde believes in it thoroughly and conducts us to the crisis without faltering, past the attempt at suicide, the plucky invalid wife, the two so different suitors of the pretty girls—the one who behaves like a man and comes home (with the V.C. on his breast) to claim his bride, and the one who writes a currish letter, crying off. She manages it triumphantly too, because she believes in it. Her currish suitor, the Rev. Perkyn Voyse, is a really delightful specimen of the egotistical snob, and his letter (Could more be said?) might have been penned by the immortal Mr. Collins of "Pride and Prejudice." Here it is:

"MY DEAR MISS GRIFFITHS,—Your very noble and womanly letter has lain before me many days. I find it the hardest task of my life to reply to it in a spirit which can match your self-abnegation; but there is a duty laid on me, as well as upon yourself, and I must meet it, as you have done. I hoped to call you my wife, but Providence has seen fit to part us on earth, and I must bow to that decree which leaves me heart-smitten and desolate. Your duty

* "The Searchers: A Story in Four Books." By Margaretta Byrde. Unwin's "First Novel Library." Price 6s. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1902.)

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lies with your unhappy parents, mine with my flock, to whom I must give an example of resignation and courage.

"I am returning your letters, and the one or two pledges of an affection I shall ever hold in hallowed memory. You are a noble girl; I honour and admire you more sincerely than poor words can say. And with sorrow unspeakable I accept your decision as the right one for a situation like this, which concerns more than ourselves—concerns the Church, of which I am but a humble servant, but whose fair fame must never be stained by any selfishness of mine.

"Once more, May Heaven bless you! is the earnest prayer of—yours sincerely, PERKYN VOYSE."

I have instanced, for its conventionality, a mere episode in the story: but without unfairness, since the Secret Marriage upon which the plot is worked, and the fire at the Sanatorium (the act of a revengeful dipsomaniac), which violently solves it at the end, are equally conventional and far more melodramatic. But these old conventions, after all, are not nearly so old as youth: and Mrs. Byrde, with the courage of youth, has not indeed made them new, but has used them to carry a deal of right teaching and emotion—as one might hang a wreath of fresh flowers upon a wooden peg.

She has humour and seriousness, and each is a part of the other. No more delightful figure has been added for a long while past to the gallery of humorous fiction than the American, Major Gamaliel K. Spring, with his chivalrous respect for "soaring" womanhood. Her serious and splendid hero, the Rev. Hope Godwin, seems to me (to speak frankly) far less happily invented. She has taken immense pains with him; she has put into him all her ideas of what a man should be; and the process is interesting; but, somehow, as a result, the fellow won't walk. This good strong man—as Stevenson said of George Eliot's weak bad one—wears a comb at the back of his head. It is a way with the perfect men of the female novelist, and doubtless the perfect women of the male novelist have a corresponding defect, observable only by female eyes. But let it be said at the same time that in building up her hero Mrs. Byrde introduces nothing effeminate, nothing that a man should not wish to attain to. Something she leaves out, however; and, though not one of us could tell what that something is, every man who reads the story will feel the lack of it. Here and there he talks too much, and once, in some casual remarks on the present war in South Africa, he comes badly to grief. I say so not because I dissent from his opinions, but because almost his precise words have been used so often of late by fifth-rate persons, and because, after his high talk on a hundred subjects invented for him by the author, it is a shock to find him, when confronted by a real question, descending promptly to the platitudes of those eminent humbugs Mr. A. and the Rev. Mr. B.

But the book as a whole deserves its high title of "The Searchers," for it bears the impress on every page of a fervent belief that the secret of life is a noble one and a fervent desire to pursue it. Mrs. Byrde writes "on the side of the angels," and with an earnestness that will easily cover the imperfections of her first book from all but trained eyes. If one trained to note these imperfections has laid too much stress on them, he nevertheless wishes well to the book and her career. A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

THE END OF A GREAT WORK.*

The concluding volumes of this standard history, to which the author devoted sixteen years of his life, cover the period between 1421 A.D. and the death of Clement VII. in 1534. They thus deal with the history of "that great transformation of Europe which is called the Renascence," appearing "in the Latin world as the renascence of classical paganism," while "in the German it became the renascence of evangelical Christianity." The period was a striking one, and, although it is often a weary task to follow the tangled thread of papal intrigue amid the struggles and rivalries not only of the great European Powers, but also of the petty Italian States, yet the position of the popes was so exceptional and their personality so remarkable that the history of Rome, which is practically their history, becomes as fascinating as a romance.

The papacy in the fifteenth century was the most splendid prize that the world had to offer to ambition. Its occupant was the equal, and might often claim to be the superior, of kings; the wealth of every country in Christendom contributed to his revenues; his temporal power was great and his spiritual authority was, in spite of some ominous mutterings, on the whole unquestioned. For this high dignity competition was of the keenest. The aim of every pushing priest was to be made a bishop, of almost every bishop to become a cardinal, and of almost every cardinal to exchange the red hat for the triple tiara. And when at last, after a lifetime spent in struggle and intrigue, the prize was grasped and His Eminence became His Holiness, it was not unnatural that he should exhibit "an old man's hurry" to make the most of what he had secured. "Let us enjoy the papacy since God has given it to us" was the frank saying of Leo X. on his election, and the maxim of all the popes of this period was practically the same. The increase of their domains, the aggrandisement of their mistresses or "nephews," the enjoyment of pomp and feasting, the collection of books, paintings, or jewels, the erection of splendid edifices—these were the objects to which they devoted themselves with feverish energy to their dying breath. "Their sole merit," says Gregorovius, "was their cult of pagan antiquity," and as powerful patrons of the revival of art and literature their history is imperishably linked with such names as Poggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Bramante, Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle, so that a glamour has been thrown over it which partially conceals the complete selfishness and immorality of their conduct. But, in fact, even the Vatican library, the Sistine chapel, and the cathedral of St. Peter's are monuments not so much of generous aims as of personal vanity, and the true record of their lives is to be found not in works of art, but in the pages of the historian. Throughout these volumes that record is written everywhere in hideous characters. War, misery, and crime were universal in Italy during this century; "if there is a hell, then is Rome built upon it," is the verdict of Luther; *nihil jus, nihil fas: Aurum, Vis, et Venus imperabant*, are the words in which a contemporary historian describes the public conduct of Alexander VI., while passing over the "Thyestean tragedies" of his private life; and when Clement VII. witnessed from the Castle of S. Angelo the sack of Rome by the Spaniards, he saw with his eyes what results were produced by "the cult of pagan antiquity" when divorced from all the virtues of paganism and accompanied by "the decay of morals and political life."

It is indeed a period which deserves careful study by all those who dream that "culture" can reform human life, and its terrible lesson is, perhaps, only more effectively conveyed in these pages because they are written without any attempt to be sensational or dramatic. The writer nowhere seeks to exaggerate, but lays his facts with the evidence simply and clearly before his readers, and the facts force on every reflective mind the inevitable conclusion. No revival of Art or Letters can be of any value to society unless it is accompanied by a corresponding revival of morals. When "over a door of a room in the Vatican Pinturicchio painted the Virgin with the features of Madam Julia Farnese, and in the same picture the head of Pope Alexander, who worships her," he was not only prostituting his art, but setting up a visible symbol of that decadence which, in spite of splendour and in spite of genius, was inevitably to overtake both the papacy and Italy. It is not to the revival of art and classical learning that the modern world owes all that is best and noblest in its history, but to that revival of religion which was set on foot by "the son of a German miner," who, when he visited Rome, "bestowed scarcely a passing glance on the monumental splendours of the city," and relates only with scorn how "the Pope goeth triumphing with fair-decked stallions."

It only remains to add that the book is admirably translated—there are some pages which might be mistaken for Gibbon—and that, though it suggests the stern moral verdict which I have endeavoured to express, the writer is in no sense wanting in artistic sympathy. On the contrary, the numerous chapters in which he deals with sculpture, painting, architecture, printing, and literature are altogether admirable. T. E. PAGE.

* "Rome in the Middle Ages." By F. Gregorovius. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Annie Hamilton. Vol. VII. and VIII. (each in two parts), pp. 812 and 844. 4s. 6d. each net. (George Bell and Sons.)

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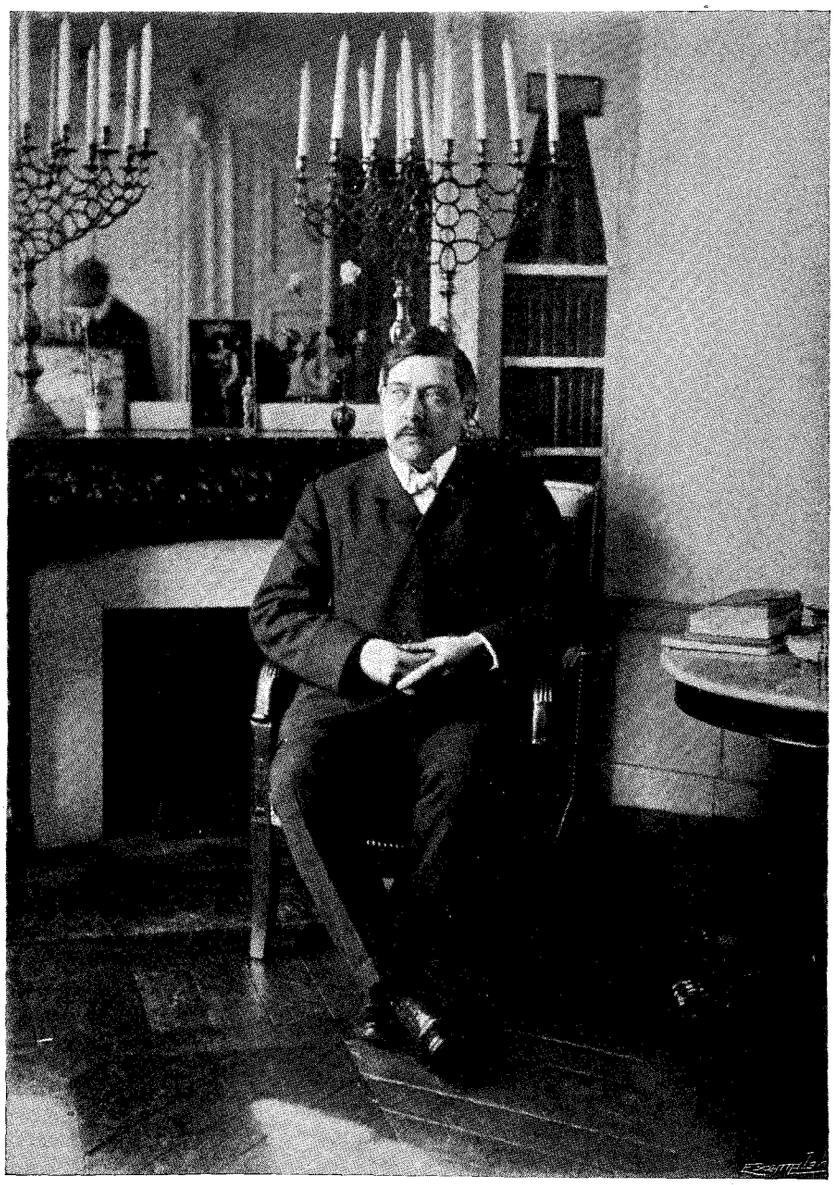
MAETERLINCK—THE THINKER.*

Here another stage is marked in the history of M. Maeterlinck's mind. To most of us he has been known as the poet of mystery, melodising the inarticulate cries out of the world's darkness, the scene of his dramas being never the daylight world in which we spend our time. But his more recent poetic works have shown a tendency to come nearer to actual life, while readers of his prose may have guessed that his early enthusiastic study of Emerson might one day result in his development into the practical moralist. Yet even for these there must be surprise in store in this new volume. Here M. Maeterlinck appears not as the poet, but as the thinker, the guide to conduct, though most of the best things are due to poetic intuition rather than to systematic thinking. He is the grave agnostic, seeking for definite light, willing to give up all the beautiful old visions and illusions of the world, if he but find it. In him is seen the man of science—or, rather, the man of scientific interests, or the man whom science has seriously challenged—warring with the poet; and in his determination that the fight be fair, he gives science none too little advantage. One would not waste time in wondering and regretting that this stage has come so late in M. Maeterlinck's history, were it not that we have our doubts whether out of a mystic Fleming, who has the stuff in him of excellent visions, can ever come a first-rate scientific thinker.

The most interesting paper, in view of M. Maeterlinck's past achievements, is that on "The Evolution of Mystery," where he coldly views his own dramas, and almost forswears them. In them, he says, "lies revealed the disquiet of a mind that has given itself wholly to mystery; a disquiet legitimate enough in itself, but not so inevitable as to warrant its own complacency." He does not deny that there was some truth in his rendering of the world's dark places, but he says now there are other truths more wholesome to state. Quite so, but can M. Maeterlinck give them strong poetic form? In one misty region he was a very potent singer. But his is the right of choice, and we warmly respect his honesty in endeavouring to narrow the kingdom of mystery by every mental effort possible. Where we part company with him is in his attack on certain traditional symbols still employed by the poets. Use plain prose, he says, rather than outworn symbols which do not fit this stage of the world's thought. But no great symbol ever fitted one stage alone of the world's thought, but covers infinite variations, infinite stages of an idea past, present, and future, and these infinite stages are always contemporaneous. God is still a name of power, though M. Maeterlinck disapproves of the Israelitish anthropomorphic deity, and the shade of Destiny is no less terrible to-day that it is conceived of as working on man through man, rather than as an outside malevolent agent. We know now, more or less, the causes of man's misfortunes, he says, and most of them can be conceived as removable. But maybe the Greeks did so likewise, and their magnificent personifications were not so much sign of little knowledge as of great artistry. It is the veriest Philistinism of the minor scientist to demand that a symbol express merely the narrow idea of one's own little half-hour. And when he austerely reproaches the poets that invent a happy world of make-believe they do not actually live in, and that does not correspond to the known facts of existence, large and full existence, he is none the less a pedant that from his reproach escape the great poets of the world.

It is interesting to hear the principle of Goethe as a manifesto in the mouth of M. Maeterlinck—"to stand on the outermost limit of the conceivable; but never to overstep this line, for beyond it begins at once the land of chimeras, the phantoms and mists of which are fraught with danger to the mind." But it would be to judge his new book unfairly to take this page of autobiography, "The Evolution of Mystery," as the most valuable thing it contains. The book stands by its first essay, "The Mystery of Justice," so magnificently honest, so wise, so full of dignity and hope and warning for modern men. If we cannot give him the front rank among theorists, we own his power as a practical moralist. Speaking for those who reject the idea of an infallible Judge, he seeks the present haunt of justice, now torn down from the skies, and finds it in the hearts of men. The great miracle is its eternal presence there. The fulfilment of its demands is the secret of the happiness of man, for happiness is harmony, and each unjust thought or deed is a discord, a resounding discord, too, that confuses and puts not one, but many, melodies out of tune. There is a striking passage specially addressed to our own day, a day that has fed on a few scraps of science, and has not always digested them. Men have become conscious of Nature's injustice, have glorified Nature, and have found



AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
Rischgitz Collection.

* "The Buried Temple." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)

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excuse for their injustice in imitation of her indifference to the moral law of humanity. But she has her own laws which she obeys, and we have ours, which we disobey at our peril. This consciousness "is already to be found at the root of many of our actions; it has entered our politics, our industry, our commerce. . . . It will call itself economic or social law, evolution, competition, struggle for life; it will masquerade under a thousand names, for ever perpetrating the self-same wrong." In another notable passage he strikes at the root of the vulgar worship of the so-called "strong man," which abjectly excuses his indifference to human pain and all his arbitrary deeds, in the name of glory. "An act of injustice must always shake the confidence a man had in himself and his destiny; at a given moment, and that generally of the gravest, he has ceased to rely upon himself alone; and this will not be forgotten, nor will he ever again be wholly himself. He has confused, and probably corrupted, his fortune by the introduction of strange powers. He has lost the exact sense of his personality and of the force that is in him. He can no longer clearly distinguish between what is his own and comes from himself, and what he is constantly borrowing from the pernicious collaborators whom his weakness has summoned. He has ceased to be the general who has none but disciplined soldiers in the army of his thoughts; he becomes the usurping chief around whom are only accomplices. He has forsworn the dignity of the man who will have none of the glory at which his heart can only smile as sadly as an ardent, unhappy lover will smile at a faithless mistress." What the thinker calls truth, and the poet calls beauty, has Justice for its name in the daily life of all of us. We must seek it and follow it—or decay is our portion.

A. MACDONELL.

TOMMY ATKINS' COUSIN.*

Tommy Cornstalk is the Australian counterpart of his English Cousin Atkins; though Atkins is of the nineteenth century, Cornstalk of the twentieth. As a fighting man his

From Photo by [*Freeman and Co., Ld., Sydney.*

MR. J. H. M. ABBOTT.

prowess has been too well exemplified on many a hard-fought field to need advertisement, but it must be confessed that his ideas as to drill and discipline are not those of the War Office. When he meets the imperial officer he astonishes him; and when he meets Atkins he wins that gentleman's admiration and awe-struck regard by his cool and happy neglect of the things which have been drilled into the English linesman as sacredly to be observed under all circumstances. He is apt to shuffle through the manual exercise in a disgracefully slovenly way. He hardly ever knows when to turn out the guard, and his parade movements lack precision. Finally, he resents exclusiveness—even in a general officer.

The Veldt has much in common with the Bush. Both are treeless, and both are cut up by interminable wire fences. The Boer "dorp" or "stad" is not unlike the Bush township. The Australian has been fighting in a country not altogether so strange to him as it must have seemed to the Englishman, and, most important of all, the Bushman has learned in the course of his daily life to make himself at home under all conditions, whether they be favourable or otherwise.

We have had the standpoint of the insular Englishman thrust upon us, *ad nauseam*, by London War Correspondents, by University men in the khaki of the I.Y. or the C.I.V., and by regular officers pertaining to every branch of the service. The Colonial outlook is the more natural one; there is less of "the biscuit a day" and the 100 degrees Fahrenheit grumble about it. It is also more frank and less fettered by the conventionalities of polite society. That it is appreciated by the public at home is shown by the welcome given to Mr. Hales' brilliant letters in the *Daily News*. But Mr. Hales must look to his laurels. A new prophet has arisen in the person of ex-Corporal Abbott of the First Australian Horse, who wields the sword and the pen with equal facility. As a picture of war when viewed from the ranks, we have never met with anything better than "Tommy Cornstalk," a book which throbs with the eager life of the camp and of the battlefield. Nothing seems to have escaped the eye of the author, a shrewd observer of men and of things in general. His criticism is frank, but just, and entirely free from venom. He writes, of course, as a Colonial born and bred, but no mere narrow parochial Antipodean patriotism obscures his appreciation of his comrades in arms from the mother country.

"Isn't it something," he exclaims, "to be marching and fighting and starving with these Englishmen? Supposing that they are the scum of England—if they are, isn't it something for a one-horse volunteer crowd like you to be a squadron of such a regiment as the one you are with, a regiment which was fighting before there was an Australia, a regiment which saw Waterloo and Balaclava?"

A like generosity marks his attitude towards the foe. Like many others before coming into contact with the Boers, he had regarded them as "primitive loafers with the manners of cave dwellers and the principles of gorillas." He had taken "Boer" to be synonymous with "boor." In the end he comes—almost apologetically in view of possible charges of Pro-Boerism—to respect him "in the mass as a very gallant man," and to envy in him the possession of hardy virtues such as he had never expected to find, and which "he would not mind feeling quite sure that he possessed himself."

Of all the Colonial troops in the field none made so marked an impression on the author as the Canadians. For sheer cool audacity and "hard cheek" there were none to compare with the men from British America, as witness the capture of the town of Vredefort and its garrison of a commando by Corporal Clarkson and three men of the Canadian M.I. Here is Clarkson's despatch to General French announcing the event—quite a gem of its kind:

"DEAR GENERAL,—Please receive accompanying armament of one commando. I am pleased to state that I have this day captured the city of Vredefort, and taken a large number of prisoners, whom I propose, subject to your approval, to release upon parole. You will be glad to hear that I am at the present moment enjoying an excellent luncheon with the Mayor of this city. We're having champagne! After lunch, as to-morrow will be the birthday of her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, I propose to formally annex the city to the British Dominions. Hoping this will find you well and in good spirits, as it leaves me at present,—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, DUNCAN CLARKSON, Corporal, Canadian M.I."

Every single phase of a soldier's life in the field is dealt with by Mr. Abbott in his book. He shows us the trooper in the saddle and on foot; asleep and awake; eating, drinking, and fighting; and it is always a pleasant picture, free from horrors and radiant with good humour and fun. His description of a battle is admirable. As a psychological study of the emotions of a man under fire for the first time this would be hard to beat:

"It is a weird, blood-chilling sound when you hear it for the first time—the whistling of those little deaths in the still air. Not exactly a whistle is it either—something between that and a whir-r,

* "Tommy Cornstalk." By J. H. M. Abbott, late Corporal First Australian Horse. 5s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

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but very business-like and brisk. At first you think that every second of time will be your last upon earth. A bullet flicks your ear, and you make up your mind to take the next one as bravely as may be, and fully expect it to come quickly. Death—sudden, and sure, and bloody—seems inevitable, and, in your heart of hearts, you are afraid—terribly, woefully, loathsomely afraid. But death passes overhead, or spits in the dust beside you, and by-and-bye you become familiar with him, and find out that he is not such a bad fellow at all—not nearly so keen on getting you as you had imagined him to be. And you become a fatalist—a mere unthinking fatalist. If you are to stop one, one will be stopped by your body. If you are to come out scathless, you will do so. In the meantime your life will be much pleasanter if you don't worry over your chances. This is a kind of courage. You know that there is danger in those whining voices. You quite realise that the next moment may be your last; but a little custom causes you to regard it philosophically, and, although to most men being under fire is never a pleasant matter, it becomes an in no wise serious one."

Corporal Abbott has written a thoroughly manly and honest book, free from sensationalism on the one hand, and from cant on the other. One is drawn on from chapter to chapter by a growing fascination, and when one at last closes the book, it is with a feeling of regret that there is not more of it. There is, it is true, at the present time a superabundance of books on the war, but we shall be greatly surprised if "Tommy Cornstalk" does not meet with the success which it so richly deserves. H. C. GUTTERIDGE.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE RAIDERS."*

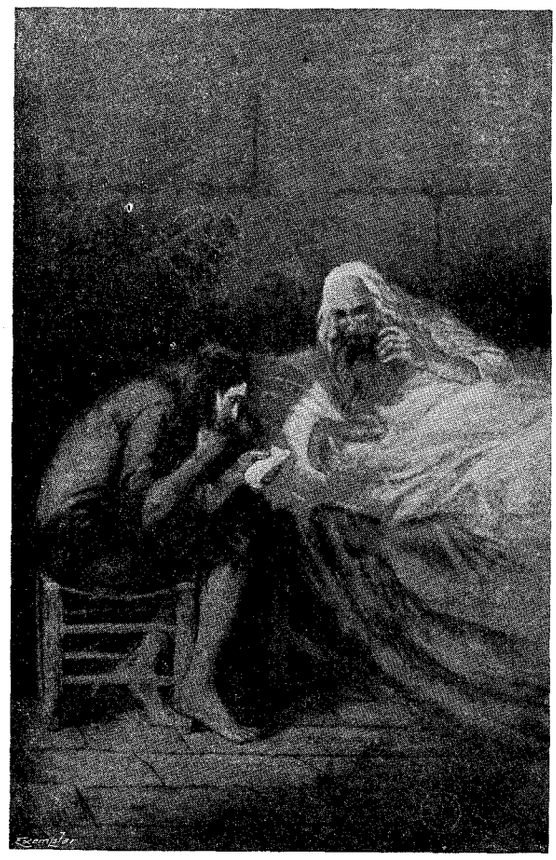
Greatly daring, Mr. Crockett is trying his hand at "sequels," and he will be an exceptionally lucky or wise man if he does not suffer for his imprudence. Here he gives a continuation of "The Raiders," and kills Silver Sand for good, for it is hardly conceivable that he can follow the example of Mr. Conan Doyle in the case of Sherlock Holmes. There is an abundance, indeed a superabundance, of movement and of incident in "The Dark o' the Moon." The stage is filled from the first with red-coats, gipsies, and Galloway "Levellers." Hector Faa, and that first and not least heroic of Dissenters, John Macmillan, of Balmaghie, are pressed by Mr. Crockett into his service, and into that of the three or four love-affairs which figure in the story. Undoubtedly, however, the effect of the whole, although Mr. Crockett has evidently bestowed more pains upon this story than he has done upon most of its immediate predecessors, is unsatisfactory and fatiguing. Silver Sand, though still the good angel of the House of Heron, is not quite the great Achilles whom we knew; the struggle in which he and his brother Hector, reconciled at last, die for their followers is well told, but it does not compare with the great bridge fight in "The Raiders," for a parallel to which, indeed, one must go to the Boer war and the later achievements of De Wet. Mr. Crockett is not quite so successful with his female characters as he generally is. The best is the hoydenish but quite womanly "Captain Dick" of the "Levellers," but Joyce Faa—who is *not*, of course, Joyce Faa, but somebody very different—is not to be compared with her predecessor, who here becomes her mother-in-law. When all this is conceded, however, to the hostile critic of "sequels" who has certainly something to say for himself, it must also be admitted that Mr. Crockett has produced what, could it have been looked at by itself, would certainly have been accounted a most readable and historic romance. It has been the result of much and careful reading. It is singularly free also from the digressions in the use of which its author is a "chartered libertine." Here is a passage, however, where Mr. Crockett's skill in making use of Scriptural language surely fails him. The dour Grice Baillie insists on dying with the brothers Silver Sand and Hector Faa. Says Silver Sand: "'We three are all bound for the other world; Hell, Purgatory, or Paradise, as the case may be.' 'Which ever your honours please!' said Grice Baillie, indifferently, and tested the loading of his piece, listening carefully to the thud of the ramrod, and observing how far it descended in the barrel. 'I have not found so great faith—no, not in Israel,' quoted Silver Sand with much solemnity. 'Let him stay, Hector.'" There is no logical or theological connection between Silver Sand's "Hell, Purgatory, or Paradise," and "I have not found so great faith." And the quotation has at least the smack of pointless irreverence. WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "The Dark o' the Moon." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES.*

If anyone supposes that after this Sequel, with its numerous appendices and supplements, Mr. Sichel has done with Bolingbroke, we believe, and we hope, that he is mistaken. Some fresh MSS., some new lights and references are sure to

THE DUMAS CENTENARY.



EDMOND DANTES AND FARIA.

"'This paper, my friend,' said Faria, 'I may now avow to you, since I have proved you,—this paper is my treasure, of which, from this day forth, one half belongs to you.'"

(Reproduced from "The Count of Monte Cristo," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

be discovered which the biographer will deem it treason to his hero to leave unpublished. For this devoted zeal we have nothing but respect. Indeed, we confess to preferring the supplementary chapters in which Mr. Sichel for the present sweeps up his workshop lest any fragment should be lost, to the main body of his narrative. His charm is that of the enthusiastic pedant, and he should have adopted an old-fashioned, dignified, and pedantic style. His frequent modernisms sort ill with the fussy enthusiasm and weighty trifling of the born antiquary. Much, therefore, we could wish away, but we condone it for the sake of the eager zeal which has no thought for refinements. Is that zeal misplaced? Mr. Sichel is an undaunted panegyrist. And why not? His hero, with all his glaring faults, was undoubtedly a great man, and such always have led, and always will lead, their biographers captive. Sympathetic biography comes very near to the intimate charm of auto-biography. We have plenty of books to remind us of Bolingbroke's errors. Some can never be condoned; most have too long waited for exculpation. The secret prejudice against Bolingbroke, with his broad views, his daring policy, and his French wife, was that which damned the other great cosmopolitan of the period, his friend Chesterfield. They were "furriners," "Frenchified," "atheists," and much else which only meant that they were before their times—a painful contrast to such level-headed, business-like Englishmen as Halifax and Walpole. We rather wonder that Mr. Sichel has not dwelt more on this secret cause of St. John's unpopularity.

This volume deals with the period from Bolingbroke's fall and flight in 1715 to his death in 1751, during which he

* "Bolingbroke and His Times." The Sequel. By Walter Sichel. 12s. 6d. net. (J. Nisbet and Co.)

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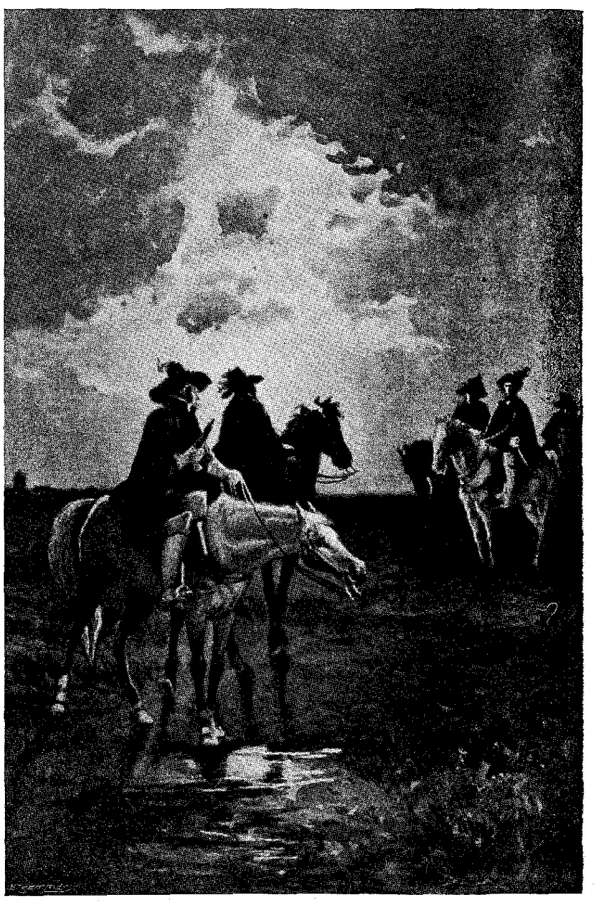
THE DUMAS CENTENARY.



ATHOS, PORTHOS, AND ARAMIS.

"They all three halted, closed in, and waited, occupying the middle of the road. In an instant, and as the moon broke from behind a cloud, they saw at a turning of the road two horsemen who, on perceiving them, stopped in their turn, appearing to deliberate whether they should continue their route or go back. The hesitation created some suspicion in the three friends, and Athos, advancing a few paces in front of the others, cried in a firm voice, 'Who goes there?'"

(Reproduced from "The Three Musketeers," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

appears only at rare intervals in the pages of history. In this first serious attempt to trace his later life, the account of his two sojourns in France (1715-1725 and 1735-1743), possesses peculiar charm and interest. Political experts will perhaps think that too much is made of his later political influence, especially in the cabinet-making negotiations in 1744 and 1745. His relations with the Pretender have been elucidated by a private examination of the still unpublished Stuart Papers, and the question as to the contributors to the Craftsman is perhaps finally settled. But what we like best is the appendix—the chapters on Bolingbroke's Philosophy, and on his influence upon Voltaire, Burke, Gibbon, and Disraeli. Then the pleasant memoir of his beloved sister Henriettæ, and the "Collected and Selected Correspondence," which really is selected and judiciously cut down. And then everywhere notes, references, and addenda. And, of course, a Bibliography and a copious Index. Truly, no fraction of literary labour has been grudged to the "spoilt child of adversity."

Y. Y.

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.*

No one interested in literature can be uninterested in the fortunes and misfortunes of booksellers. It is extremely tantalising to know that the Sosii were an eminent firm in the days of Augustus, and to know nothing more, although, as their names have been preserved by allusions in Horace, we may guess much. Had Aulus Gellius or any of the Latin grammarians possessed the inquisitive spirit of Mr. Marston, they might have preserved numberless amusing anecdotes, and presented many distinguished writers under quite new points of view.

It is nevertheless improbable that the Sosii left autobiographies, and it is certain that Mr. Marston's purpose has been best served by those of the bibliopolic fraternity who have condescended so far. Autobiographers are generally persons of some marked peculiarity of character, and even if their histories are insignificant, there is a redeeming raciness in their method of relating them. Most of the autobiographic booksellers upon whose records Mr. Marston has drawn, are, however, persons of some importance. John Dunton marked the transit from the pamphlet to the periodical. Thomas Gent and William Hutton were respectively the representative provincial printer and publisher, and the representative provincial bookseller of their day. James Lackington did much to cheapen literature. These men's characters are as full of inequalities as their lives of vicissitudes, and they are both more interesting to read about and more influential upon bookselling than a much greater man, Samuel Richardson, who is also among Mr. Marston's flock. In Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot, where he has no autobiography to serve him, he has given us solidly painted portraits of the British tradesman, dealing with literature as with any commercial product. We are hardly surprised that Edmund Curll finds no place, though his disreputable biography would have been more entertaining than that of more decorous personages.

In his second volume Mr. Marston shows us the development of the bookseller into the publisher, as exemplified in Dodsley and Millar, either of whom might well have sat in the House of Commons. Millar's successor, Strahan, actually did so, and though Strahan may hardly have been a bookseller in the strict sense of the term, we could wish that Mr. Marston had found room for some notice of his highly interesting correspondence with David Hume. Among other persons in this volume with exceptional claims to remembrance are Cave, the founder of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and the inventor of parliamentary reporting for the public; Nichols, the antiquarian publisher; and Osborne, who enjoyed the singular honour of being knocked down by Dr. Johnson.

At a later period, to which Mr. Marston does not conduct us, the individual publisher yields to the great firm with its dynasties from generation to generation, while the individual bookseller still flourishes in the persons of such remarkable representatives as the late Mr. Quaritch. Whether these men's lives can be written must depend mainly on the discretion of their descendants, for the autobiographic bookseller seems extinct. But the great firms are beginning to provide for their renown by issuing official histories, on the scale of the histories of nations, and yet full of indications of matter held in reserve, and of promise of endless entertainment to future generations when the time shall have come for further drafts upon their archives.

RICHARD GARNETT.

* "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days." By E. Marston. 5s. net. "Sketches of some Booksellers of the Time of Dr. Samuel Johnson." By E. Marston. 5s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

ANOTHER WESSEX BOOK.*

Of making books about Mr. Hardy and his country there would seem to be no end. Well, so long as they be good books, we shall not complain, but shall welcome them. It is only with considerable reservations, however, that the book before us can be qualified as good; it is, in fact, good in the same degree with the curate's egg of classical anecdote. Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, who claims a family connection with Wessex dating back to the seventeenth century, gives us chapters on the Wessex people, some Wessex towns and places, and on Thomas Hardy; an anecdotic history of Wessex, a synopsis of each of the Wessex novels, a bibliography, and a glossary. In effect, he puts his worse foot foremost, for he is tedious when he moralises, and unprofitable when he transplants to his own pages passages from the Wessex novels which are known to all the world; *e.g.*, the incident of Poorgrass and the owl, the conversation of Creedle, the anecdote of the absent-minded choir—all in the first chapter. Where, on the other hand, he narrates anecdote at first-hand, or sketches character on his own account—as that of the ex-carrier, or Last of the Smugglers,—he is most interesting. Interesting, also, are his accounts of local superstitions, some of which, by the way, are less purely local than perhaps he is aware. The setting open of

* "The Wessex of Romance." By Wilkinson Sherren. (Chapman and Hall.)

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windows in a death-chamber, for instance, is a Scottish as well as a Dorsetshire usage, and as such is referred to in Moir's "Mansie Waugh," and in a contemporary account of the dangerous illness of Mary Queen of Scots at Jedburgh. In like manner, the sowing of hempseed as a love-spell is alluded to in Burns's "Halloween"; whilst the story of the phantom armies, seen by a sober farmer near to certain Celtic barrows, might be mistaken for a page from the West Highland Tales of Campbell of Isla. Such coincidences, of course, serve rather to increase than to detract from the interest and value of this part of the work,—from which, however, one regrets to miss any reference to the Cerne Giant, and the recourse had to his effigy under certain conditions by superstitious females—one of the most striking of local pagan usages.

It is in the more purely literary part of the book that most is left to be desired. The synopses of the novels, for instance, are by no means skilled performances. And, by the way, this peculiar form of précis-writing would appear to demand special practice, for Lockhart did not much better in his synopsis of the Waverleys. Then the glossary, which makes no pretence to be the work of a philologist, is not even that of a man with a nice sense of language. A few examples. The adjective "limber" is rendered simply "flaccid." Had the word borne that signification only, it might have been employed (as it is) in describing Elfride, Lady Luxellian, in the last year of her life; but scarcely in the exquisite couplet:—

> "A little child, a limber elf,
> Dancing, singing to itself. . ."

"Limber" there, I take it, means slender or frail. Again, the locutions, "dank" (damp), "heel-tap" (residue of liquor), "run down" (depreciate), "'t'other," and "unbeknown," are not local to Dorset, but common to all England. Once more, why are we not told the characteristics of a "lerret" ("Trumpet-Major"); and why are the terms "twanky," "passon," "ewe-lease," "home-along," "linhay," excluded from the glossary, not to speak of the corruption "wherrit," for worry? The misprint, "gramfer" for "granfer" (p. 296), is unfortunate; whilst a vocabulary of Dorsetshire words ought certainly to include the verbs "to baze," and "to rane" (*rane* down food). Reverting to our analogy of north and south, we may note that "breze," to press, is evidently the same word as the Scots' "brizz," and "bruckly," brittle, the same as "bruckle," sometimes used in the North of uncertain, or changeable, weather. At p. 142, Mellstock of "Under the Greenwood Tree," is compared to Stinsford; it is more probably Bockhampton.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

ENGLISH TALES IN VERSE.*

Professor Herford is the editor of this admirable series, to which he has now given his own contribution. The other volumes, of Pastorals, Essays, Literary Criticism, Masques, Lyric Poetry, Satires, have proved the editor's good judgment in the choice of his associates; his own essay, on "The Tale in Verse," is a chapter on literary history, succinct and complete, not merely a preface to the selected poems that follow. It touches on the whole course of English poetry, and everywhere securely. Not that each separate sentence is decisive, or all the opinions infallible; it would not be a living piece of criticism if it finally disposed of everything connected with its subject. But it is full of knowledge and sensitive appreciation; compressed and allusive as much of it is, there is no reference in it that has not been considered and tested by the author; though it takes a wide range in its survey, nothing is hurried. The Anglo-Saxons are described in a few sentences, but these contain the substance of much literary and historical study; nowhere else is to be found so true a summing up of the ruling qualities of Anglo-Saxon poetry, its religion and virtue, its depth of sentiment, its pathetic avoidance of tragic problems. This is followed by an equally sound criticism of the spirit and methods of French narrative in the Middle Ages, and an account of English stories before Chaucer. Then the interpreter comes to the chief mansions, and explains what Chaucer and Spenser intended in their work. Was Chaucer "quite innocent of the lofty ambitions of Humanism," as Mr. Herford thinks? It may be admitted that he had not the same ideals as Boccaccio, but a close examination of his work shows such artistic insight and discrimination in Chaucer that it is hard to refuse him at least the perception of what Boccaccio was aiming at. If the ambitions of Humanism include the perfect poem, then Chaucer is not exempt; for though he did not talk much about his work, it is clear that he thought about it, and discovered for himself some rules and principles. Though he is much less given to decoration than the artists of the Renaissance, he has clear ideas of decorative effect, and is not free from the Renaissance habit of showing what can be done with a subject when a master takes it in hand. There is something of this display in the "Legend of Good Women"; the "Knight's Tale" is the final example of Chaucer's art; its skilful reconsideration of Boccaccio cannot be explained as the work of naïve instinct.

Mr. Herford perhaps does not give enough to Crabbe in his Introduction, though his book leaves one with the impression that Chaucer and Crabbe are the two masters of story-telling in English verse. The others are some of them greater than Chaucer, and there are better poets than Crabbe; but these two have command of the resources of narrative as no others have. They know exactly what can be done; they never try to get more into their frame than its proper measure will take in. One great interest of this book is in seeing how the limitations of narrative are understood by Chaucer and Crabbe, by Shakespeare, Dryden, Keats, Wordsworth, and William Morris. One of the pleasantest things in it is the honour paid to Dryden's Fables:—

"The most valuable and important of these for the modern reader, and for the present purpose, are the tales from Boccaccio, where Dryden, having a prose original to deal with, found his own form, and where the limpid grace of Chaucer does not rise up to disparage him. The tales he

* "English Tales in Verse, with an Introduction by C. H. Herford." The Warwick Library. 3s. 6d. (Blackie and Son.)

THE DUMAS CENTENARY.

D'ARTAGNAN FINDS PORTHOS.
Drawn by Eugène Courboin.

"'You see,' said Porthos, 'this is my usual style.'
"'Hang it!' said D'Artagnan, 'I compliment you on it. The King has not the like.'
"'Yes,' said Porthos, 'I have heard it said that he is badly fed by M. de Mazarin. Taste this cutlet, my dear D'Artagnan; it is from one of my own sheep.'"

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has chosen have all a vein of fine romantic extravagance in keeping with the 'happy valiancy' of his manner. The boorish Cymon, startled not only into good sense but into philosophic sagacity by the beauty of Iphigenia; Nastagio hunting down the spirit of the hapless damsel who had refused his hand; old Tancred savagely sending his daughter her lover's heart,—these fine audacities of mediæval legend fanned anew the old heroic fire, and threw out a last challenge to his well-tried skill."

Mr. Herford takes into account the most modern things in poetry. One tale in verse appears to have been neglected: the "Eros and Psyche" of Mr. Robert Bridges, a fine poem remarkable in many ways, and not least for the way in which it recognises the proper conditions of narrative. But though something is left to be said, there is nothing but what sounds true in the pleasant notes with which this Introduction closes, upon living authors and the chances of English poetry in the future.

W. P. KER.

FROM GERONA TO VALENCIA.*

Mr. Wood is a traveller in many lands, who has inherited a pen light and bright in its touches, with some fancy at the end of it. Good-natured reviewers have likened him to the elder Dumas—a showy but double-edged compliment; for Alexander the Splendid saw visions and dreamt dreams as he moved about among the things of this world. Apparently, Mr. Wood believes that some slight infusion of romance, with characters dressed up to suit the occasion, will always sell a volume of travels. And, it is true, one seldom goes in search of the picturesque without running up against the human. But, *point de zèle, Monsieur!* We have known Spaniards—and enjoyed their friendship for more than thirty years; but these priests, nuns, and light-hearted heretics of that race or clime, in a pretty wide Spanish acquaintance it

THE DUMAS CENTENARY.

VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE.
Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett.

"The young cavalier was goodly to look upon.
"He was a young man of from twenty-four to twenty-five years of age, tall and slender, wearing gracefully the picturesque military costume of the period."

(Reproduced from "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

has not been our fortune, good or bad, to encounter. Anselmo and Rosalie and the rest of Mr. Wood's *troupe* bear the most unexpected resemblance to the monks and nuns that pervade Protestant fiction—how much of them was borrowed from the green-room we cannot take upon us to say, but a good deal more than their clothes. For it is surely not in nature that, go where these pilgrims will, they learn in confidence from all sorts of stay-at-home Spanish creatures how much they are like the enlightened, Liberal, anti-confession, anti-Inquisition, half-pay captains who subscribe to the British and Foreign Bible Society. No, Mr. Wood's travellers' tales have been taken to Spain for an airing, and brought back in the most buxom health. We commend them to the Jew, Apella; and we write in the margin, *cum grano*.

Having done which, we can enjoy the pictures of these old-world, fantastic, delightful, and to the prosaic reformer quite unimaginable cities, cathedrals, shrines, palaces, with the names which lend them music—Gerona, Barcelona, Lerida, Zaragoza, Saguntum, and all that litany. Really charming sketches, to linger over at odd moments; yet with a suspicion now and then of trickiness in the draughtsmanship, designed to heighten effects either somewhat too elaborate or too vaporous. On such points the skilled will exercise their critical powers. Although Mr. Wood's enthusiasm appears to kindle whenever he catches a glimpse of the Moors and their decoration—wonderful, undoubtedly—yet he returns to the astonishing Christian work, at Barcelona for instance, or at Poblet, with a rapture that nothing except the highest architectural genius could call forth. "Those great men of the Middle Ages," he tells us, as he is standing in the nave of Gerona, which remains without a rival, "made no mistakes; nothing was admitted to disturb their love of harmony and proportion; they knew and recognised one thing only—the charm of perfection." It is a pity the Renaissance ever came to disenchant them with its cold perspective. And what shall we say of the tramcars and electric light, the cafés and the Liberal newspapers, in lovely Barcelona! But there is no room to discuss now the mighty problem of science versus art. Spain will perhaps be modernised; and when all its convents are military barracks, we shall see what profit conscription brings instead of those old superstitious vows and ordinances. Manresa, Monserrato, illustrated in striking outline by the artist, seem to throw down this challenge from their heights. And, by the way, when speaking of Manresa, Mr. Wood is more sensible of the grandeur and purity which mark the character of St. Ignatius Loyola than is common in our dim-eyed English story-books. But was there any need to call his spiritual experiences a delusion? Better keep to the outsides of things, Mr. Cicerone! What is at the heart of Catholicism you have never studied and clearly do not know.

WILLIAM BARRY.

JAPAN, OUR NEW ALLY.*

The publication of this book is timely; and although Mr. Stead has no pretensions to grace of style, those who want information will find plenty of it here, and doubtless they will not severely criticise the manner of its presentation. We are not in a position to estimate the information from first-hand knowledge; but, from the general reader's standpoint, we feel confidence in a book which quotes verbatim a number of important documents, such as laws and treaties, and we are able thus to form an independent judgment, which may or may not be the same as that which the author supplies. Mr. Stead, as becomes him, is in love with Japan, and ready to take the rosiest views of her prospects: she is the paramount power in the Far East, her finances are sound, her army and navy formidable, her religion sincere, her morals hardly likely to be improved by the introduction of Christianity, and in fact poor old England does not shine by comparison. Not that Mr. Stead tries to belittle England; there is nothing offensive about his advocacy: only the picture seems too good to be true. However, we hope it is true; we have no desire to see nations mean and treacherous, and even from a lower point of view Japan's strength is likely to be a very good thing for us.

After a few pages on the past history of the country, the author plunges into his subject with a description of the extraordinary influence of the royal family. It is a piquant contrast this of the most modern elements with the power of an emperor, who is not only absolute but sacred, hedged about with the most elaborate ceremonial, and not to be

* "Glories of Spain." By Chas. W. Wood, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

* "Japan, Our New Ally." By Alfred Stead. 6s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

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distinguished from a god. Religion, too, is still ancestor-worship, overlaid with Buddhism, Christianity, or what not. Public charities seem at the present time to be in a somewhat inchoate condition, since it was formerly the custom that each family had the duty to look after its own poor, and the change from family to person as the political unit has done away with the obligation without providing otherwise for the maintenance of the destitute. Private benevolence has made a beginning in the person of Baron Shibusawa, but it appears that he has had to meet a good deal of unintelligent opposition. We should have liked a little more information about education, as to which we have only succeeded in learning that a nice little moral speech of the emperor's has more influence in this department than anything else. When we turn to such topics as commerce, labour, industries, finance, and military matters, we find Mr. Stead in his element. Here are statistics, here are estimates, here are comparisons in plenty, which ought to be pondered by those who are concerned with British trade. The dealers in shibboleths who are heard year by year in the House of Commons may learn, if they are capable of learning, that by judicious subsidies Japan has enormously increased her mercantile marine within a few years; if he does not agree with the method, he may learn some lessons in the value of foresight, and the futility of opportunism. But the parts of the book which have most interested us are the glimpses of public opinion and of the motives which are working in Japan. There are also several sketches of eminent men, which are worth having, although they are just a trifle reminiscent of *M.A.P.* Marquis Ito may really not be superior to Bismarck and Napoleon, but it is evident that his life-story would be a veritable tale of romance.

As regards the political outlook, the real occasion for this book, as we take it, Mr. Stead is sanguine that our alliance will be productive of good for British prestige. It is certainly probable that Japan will keep us from making some of our most foolish mistakes, and we hope (it is permitted to hope all things) that it may in some degree check the shameless greed of Russia, perhaps even of Germany. The text of the treaty is given in an appendix.

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE PLAY.*

Professor Schelling's account of English historical plays will be found serviceable both to those who know and those who do not know the difficulties of the subject. There are difficulties which the author has not entirely escaped, but the result of his study is profitable in matter and clear in expression—in both respects a contrast to some other American work in the early drama. If there is anything open to criticism in Professor Schelling's treatment it is perhaps the too easy use of theories of development; to derive the English Chronicle Play from the comic parts of the old religious drama seems rather superfluous, as if there were no dramatic vigour, no historical interest, in the more serious plays of the old religious school. If one is to have anything to do with evolution in this case, surely one would look rather to Lucifer and Herod than to the trivial humours of Mak, the sheep-stealer in the "Townley Mysteries," for the original of the Chronicle Play. On the other hand, too little use is made of comparisons with foreign drama; the Spanish historical plays, the "Schism of England" and the "Siege of Breda," might have enlivened Professor Schelling's essay. Useful and interesting as the book is, it suffers from the somewhat cramped and mechanical design, which seems to admit everything that has an English chronicle for its source, while excluding plays from foreign history. If there is to be anything like scientific treatment and accurate study of the historical drama as a literary type or species, it seems unreasonable while considering "Old Fortunatus" and "King Lear" to leave out of account such plays as "Bussy d'Ambois," Byron's "Conspiracy," "Sir John van Olden Barnavelt," and "Albertus Wallenstein." By limiting himself to English subjects, and by bringing in every English theme that by any possibility can be named historical—*e.g.*, "King Lear" and "Cymbeline"—the author has really complicated instead of simplifying his matter. For while he leaves out plays like that of "John of Barneveld," which are of singular importance in the progress of historical drama, he is led by Marlowe and Shakespeare into dangerous studies of character which are not immediately relevant to the historical subject. The ethics and the casuistry of Shakespeare, in relation, for example, to Richard II. and Bolingbroke, require more room and different opportunities from those afforded here. But with these cavils, perhaps ungenerous, it is not intended to depreciate the value of the book. It serves effectively for information and direction in a part of literary history where guidance is required. The sober and unaffected style is such as one would expect from the author; the right style for exposition in a subject such as this.

* "The English Chronicle Play." A Study in the Popular Historical Literature Concerning Shakespeare. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THE DUMAS CENTENARY.

D'ARTAGNAN'S FAREWELL.

"Clasping in his nerveless hand the baton, ornamented with its *fleurs-de-lis*, he cast down upon it his eyes, which had no longer the power of looking upwards towards heaven, and fell back murmuring these strange words, which appeared to the surprised soldiers cabalistic words,—words which had formerly represented so many things upon earth, and which none but the dying man longer comprehended,—'Athos, Porthos, *au revoir!* Aramis, adieu for ever!'

"Of the four valiant men whose history we have related, there now remained but one single body; God had taken back the souls."

(Reproduced from "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

ROBERT BARR'S "THE VICTORS."*

Who has not heard of Tammany Hall? And who is not curious to understand the conditions that have made the leader of that remarkable organisation the autocrat of the greatest city of the New World? It is a question whether a perfectly convincing novel dealing with Tammany Hall will ever be written. Tammany men are suspicious; they are inordinately quick at detecting the observing attitude. They are abnormally sensitive when it comes to submitting to the inquisitive, critical gaze. One must approach them ingenuously, sincerely, persistently, and with no thought of ultimate literary effort to get near them and see things from their peculiar point of view. The man that understands

* "The Victors: A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon." By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

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Tammany best is probably the one least able to write about it.

In "The Victors," however, Mr. Barr has given us a tolerably truthful picture of New York life in its relation to Tammany. It is a picture that lacks proportion, to be sure. It is incomplete, and is marred, besides, by some false touches. It is not subtle in detail, nor does it contain much, if anything, that is new. None the less, it has a distinct fascination as the background of a tale that is interesting as

THE DUMAS CENTENARY.

ROSA AND CORNELIUS.

"Gryphus leant out of the window to examine the structure of the nest. This gave Cornelius time to run to the door and press Rosa's hand.

"'At nine this evening,' she said to him.

"Gryphus, quite engrossed with his idea of catching the pigeons the next day as he had promised, saw and heard nothing of this."

(Reproduced from "The Black Tulip," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

such, told with much charm in its sentimental episodes and with brilliancy in its main features.

Patrick Maguire, who becomes the boss of Tammany Hall, is a notable creation. Let no one look at him as a portrait, for Mr. Barr has carefully avoided drawing him as a portrait of any one Tammany politician living or dead. Psychologically he is a composite. He is a truthful picture in the main of the typical Tammany politician. He has flesh and blood; we have seen him before, we know him. He is a glib talker, with a brazen self-confidence and a never-failing resourcefulness. He is keenly intelligent in a practical way, though dull otherwise. He reads human nature instinctively and manipulates it deftly to his own profit and with satisfaction in the art of doing so. He would rather be friendly than not, and would stick by a friend through thick and thin. At the same time he looks on friendship as a means to mutual material profit. Friendship out of the question, he will fight with fist or craft, whichever may serve best his purpose. It is men like him that rise to power in Tammany.

The early part of Maguire's career, as a narrative, is far more convincing than the latter part. The episode of his management of a local campaign in Michigan, with which the book begins, is brilliantly sketched, with a genuinely humorous touch and a vivid background of local colour. Maguire's career in New York, however, frequently borders on the extravagant. Its close is little short of the fantastic. The difficulty lies in the fact that Mr. Barr is attempting to suggest Tammany and at the same time avoiding a description of things as they really are.

VICTORIAN PROSE MASTERS.*

These studies of six eminent modern authors are due to the laudable fashion of seeking mental exercise and recreation in literary criticism. It is amusing to take a book which all the world is supposed to have read and criticised, and to invent something to say about it, newer, better, and wiser than has been said before. And many persons who have never seriously read, or have forgotten the masterpieces, delight in hearing a cloud of conflicting witnesses to their merits and then puzzling out a verdict of their own. From this point of view Mr. Brownell's labour is not in vain. He has carefully studied his authors, and formed definite, and not seldom independent views on them, which he arranges with unusual method and order. With about half of them we can agree, and some are a real help and illumination. More we should rarely concede to any one critic who expounded such diverse authors as Carlyle, Thackeray, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Meredith. His less convincing arguments are at least laid down with ample confidence, and indeed at times there comes a breath, as it were, of Boston. Perhaps the most useful study is that on Arnold, which works out the thesis that "no writer ever passed so quickly from unpopularity through fame to comparative neglect," and that not because he rose and fell on a billow of fashion, but because his much-ridiculed paradoxes are now triumphant commonplaces, and their author forgotten. Mr. Brownell's merits are considerable, and they are mainly his own. His faults are the besetting sins of most of our critics, who, instead of writing what they think, are always trying to think of something to write. They make too much fuss. They concoct elaborate theories and rules, like Mr. Brownell's erratic strictures on style, especially his remarks on Ruskin's cadence. This cadence doctrine is a fantasy. The cadence of every unaffected writer is his own. Ruskin's or Carlyle's cadences, read aloud by the other, would be cacophonous. And worse, the critics read their own wondrous theories, deadly-serious purposes, and mystical meanings into their authors. Yet in spite of Mr. Brownell's magnificats over Thackeray's style, we, who have been lately re-studying the idol of our youth instead of his critics, often blushed that ever we could have been blind to penny-a-lining so shallow, vulgar, and nauseous.

GORKY.†

"The four stories here presented to the English reader are typical examples of Gorky's art," says the editor; and, indeed, the choice of the tales and the general excellence of the translations make the book an admirable introduction to the Russian novelist. Gorky is not a man on whom one can pronounce anything like a final judgment. He is still young; he shows rich promise of development in him; he may next year upset most of our theories in his regard. But even in these four short stories we can discern something that will be probably always true of his work. His sensitiveness to external impressions is extraordinary. This is not rare; is, indeed, one of the commonest features of modern fiction; but in him it is abnormally active, and if it suggests at times a malady of the nerves, it is none the less the source of fruitfulness of observation which extends far beyond the region of the physical. Only in "Tchelkash" is the description of outward circumstance perhaps overdone. In the title-story the conditions that are conventionally supposed to rule in fiction are adhered to. It is not a mere "slice of life." It is a story, where human interest is not only paramount, but is made to appear so even to the hastiest reader. And a wonderful and pathetic story it is. The picture of the twenty-six men in the underground bakery is stamped indelibly on our imagination. Just what the girl was to them though she brought nothing save a daily greeting from the sunny world, we are compelled

* "Victorian Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. 6s. (Nutt.)

† "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl." Translated from the Russian by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. Introduction by Edward Garnett. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net. (Duckworth.)

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to feel, as we are their defiant despair when she succumbs to the tempter, and her contempt for them, who cannot understand she is proud of her abasement.

We cannot agree with the editor in his estimate of "My Fellow Traveller," to us the subtlest, the profoundest, perhaps even the most artistic thing in the book. In the tale of the wanderings of two chance comrades, one a penniless barbarian princeling, the other a tramp with brains and a soul, Gorky has concentrated a world of human observation. The irony is of the gentlest, but how effective!

Novel Notes.

BY BREAD ALONE. By I. K. Friedman. 6s. (Heinemann.)

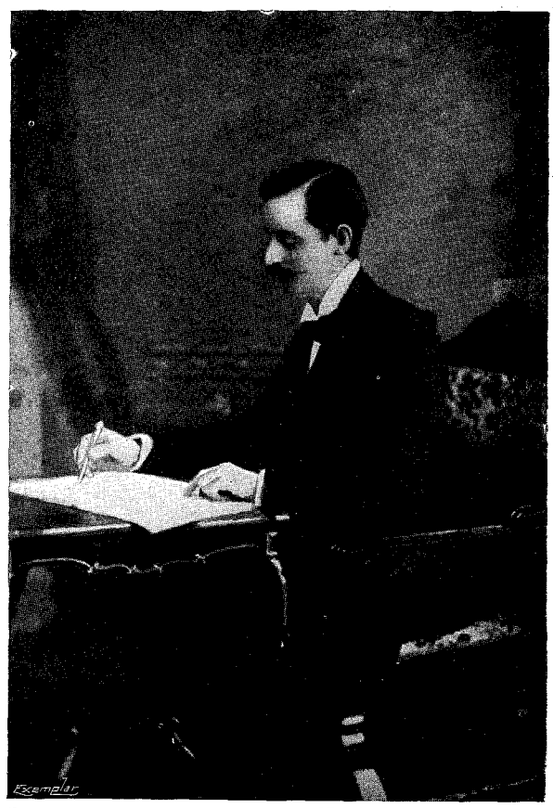
The vogue of the novel that substitutes a commercial interest for a love interest seems to be increasing, but except in strong and skilful hands it is not a change for the better. The liberal business element in "By Bread Alone" is, however, wisely leavened with such older-fashioned ingredients as the love of Blair Carrhart for Evangeline Marvin, and the unspoken love of Martha Judson for Blair, to say nothing of characteristic wooings of minor persons of the story. Blair is a self-confident young man, who is regarded by his friends as "eccentric" or "original." He goes his own way, solving the problems of humanity for himself, regardless of the experience of others. After a false start or two he gives the rein to his socialistic inclinations, declines partnership in his father's business, renounces the girl he loves, lest love should hamper him in the fulfilment of his mission, and goes unknown as a common worker in the gigantic iron foundry of which Evangeline's father is the chief proprietor. Pitying the squalid lives of his companions, a realistically individualised crew of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Americans, and horrified by the daily disasters and callous loss of life in the iron mills, he endeavours to stir the men to a sense of what is due to them, and to inoculate them with his socialistic ideals. His benevolent teachings, and the more fiery gospels of an Anarchist group that has sprung up in this swarming industrial centre, precipitate a strike. Powerless to rule the spirit he has helped to raise, and too courageous to desert them, Blair throws in his lot with the strikers, hoping to curb their excesses; the mills are wrecked, police and military are called out, there is fighting and bloodshed, and failure, with a prospect of starvation and punishment and misery for those who have failed. Wounded in the rioting, Blair is nursed by Evangeline, who comes to him in defiance of her father; he recovers, disillusioned, and blaming himself for the sufferings of his late comrades; he abandons his ideals, and, contented with the love of Evangeline, returns to the conventional existence to which his father had long been hoping he would settle down. The story is prodigal of exciting episodes and dramatic situations, and contains some brilliant descriptive writing, and, though lacking condensation in parts, is in the main a forceful and effective production.

WOODSIDE FARM. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 6s. (Duckworth.)

You will look in vain here for the vividness of characterisation which marked "Aunt Anne," and, indeed, for many interesting traits and qualities which are to be found in Mrs. Clifford's more recent work. The book seems lamentably wanting in grip when we remember who is its writer. But let us honour a fine intention—and the intention at the start of "Woodside Farm" was fine, however much it went astray in the course of its development. Mrs. Clifford has missed a great chance in not insisting that the real subject of her story is the bore or, if you will, the friendship of the man who became Lord Eastleigh and the middle-aged widow of James Barton of Woodside Farm. The motto on the title-page was merely an after-thought—or, at least, we choose to think so, for the story of the younger people is dull and commonplace, and seems to be invented for the purpose of mollifying the outraged conventionalities. But even with all this weakening of the possibilities of the story there remains the fine suggestion of the personality of Mrs. Vincent; and, since Mrs. Clifford's bright wit cannot be for long under a cloud, there are some good touches of comedy. The austere Hannah is too much of a caricature, but she affords some grim amusement, notably when her intention of agreeably entertaining her lover finds its supreme expression in showing him his Aunt Amelia's grave.

ZIKE MOULDOM. By Orme Agnus. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

A superfluous, somewhat too complacent preface, telling us, as if it were a new discovery, that, despite his roughness and brutality, "essentially the Navvy is a fellow-creature," rather prejudiced us against Mr. Orme Agnus at the outset; but no amount of prejudice could blind anyone to the rare artistic qualities of his work. Of the shorter stories in the book some are delightfully humorous, and others powerfully and affectingly written, though they are here and there unblushingly melodramatic or sentimental; but none of them quite reaches the high level of the title-story, which is in its way a little masterpiece. Zike is a collier, and the most disreputable young ruffian in Cudnow, "a devvle from yed to foot." He is a champion with his fists; a leading sportsman at dog, cock, and rat fights; at drinking "his record was twenty-two threepennyworths of brandy at a sitting," and instead of making him drunk, such excesses made him "only more deliberate in wickedness and cruelty." But the beginning of his love for the little workhouse brat, Kate Beggens, who comes as servant to the Cudnow postmaster, is the beginning of a new and better era in his life. She is a practical, pure-hearted little woman, drawn to him by the fact that they are both social outcasts, and will have nothing to say to him until he has changed the manner of his life. His great love of her strengthens him to break away from old habits, and gives him a purpose, and an ideal to strive after; and, after one or two failures, he conquers himself. They marry, and their honeymoon and the brief happiness of their married life, Zike's love and admiration of her increasing and keeping him steadfast, is most tenderly and perfectly idyllic. Then she dies in childbirth, and mad with grief and resentment



From Photo by [*Penfold and Co., Tooting.*

ORME AGNUS.

against the God he had learned to trust, Zike flings off his religion and plunges back into the depths from which he had risen. His final self-sacrifice and regeneration are very finely imagined. The characters are strongly individualised, and the whole story, for all the coarseness of its central figure, is instinct with most poignant pathos, and an irresistibly human appeal.

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IN THE FOG. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederick Dove Steele. (Heinemann.)

There is, perhaps, no feature of modern literature so strange as the kind of artistic activity which belongs to the United States. Englishmen tend to think of the Americans as a people at once simple and chaotic, of colossal possibilities and of colossal follies. Whitman would seem the type of this nation, embodying all its formless and grotesque immensity. As a fact, Whitman has influenced England immeasurably and America hardly at all, whilst out of this people of fire and strength, that, as Matthew Arnold says, "Hebraises from Maine to Florida," has arisen a very delightful school of writers, whose special characteristics, the very antithesis of all that we might expect, are a refined artistic perception, a careful attention to form, a certain slightness, a certain self-consciousness, a marked absence of passion. Of these delicate embroiderers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is easily among the first, and his last volume, "In the Fog," shows no falling off in those qualities which made "Van Bibber and Others" one of the most delightful collections of stories that we remember. It would be cruel to possible readers to give any hint of the rapidly changing lights which Mr. Davis throws on the murders of Lord Chetney and the Princess Zichy, or of the final solution, one of the most dazzlingly artistic strokes that we have come across in this class of fiction. But as to the general spirit and workmanship of the story there is much that it would be well to say. Mr. Harding Davis, at least, does not think that romance consists in ruffles and drawn swords, nor in anything external and material. The story opens in the supper-room of an old-fashioned and exclusive club, and, from the first word, the note of that tense excitement in the possibilities of life, which is romance, is struck and kept. The action never, as a matter of fact, leaves that room, the whole episode extends over but one evening, and yet the five members present pass through experiences fundamentally as fierce and adventurous as are to be found in "Treasure Island" or "The Three Musketeers." It is hardly necessary to say, since it is the work of Mr. Davis, that the technique is perfect, or that the story is told with a strength and swiftness which hold the attention riveted to the end.

THE LION'S WHELP. By Amelia E. Barr. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

There are, roughly speaking, two legitimate kinds of historical novel. One is that in which is shown the struggle of great social and political forces, as in Kingsley's "Hypatia," in Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," or in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." The other is the simple romance of adventure, for which the incidents and modes of life of a former age are taken as a foundation, as in the novels of Scott and Dumas. Miss Amelia Barr is not ill-fitted to write a romance of the latter class, for which the plots and counter-plots of the Commonwealth supply an ideal background. But she has hopelessly spoilt "The Lion's Whelp" by overburdening a tale of adventure with masses of irrelevant and somewhat ill-digested politics. This is bad art in many ways. It induces a feeling of intellectual irritation which is fatal to the atmosphere of romance. It continually interrupts the flow of the narrative with slices of constitutional history. Finally, it gives the ridiculous impression that country gentlemen and ladies of fashion under the Protectorate talked of nothing but the quarrels of Cromwell and his Parliaments, an effect as preposterous as would be produced if we wrote a novel of modern life in which all conversations turned on the Education Bill. Moreover, if Miss Barr was determined to deal with the politics of a past age, she should at least have striven after the sympathetic impartiality of the artist rather than the bitter partisanship of the pamphleteer. We are all the better for realising the greatness of Puritanism, and there are great possibilities in the sympathetic study of that strange army of sober and disciplined fanatics. But we have no wish to see the Puritans made ridiculous by the same kind of meaningless, sentimental admiration with which a previous generation was wont to insult the Cavaliers. The same fault is even more conspicuous in Miss Barr's treatment of Cromwell. That the Protector was a great man is not disputed. We believe that he was also a humane and public-spirited one. But Miss Barr ascribes to him all possible virtues, till praise loses all meaning and her portrait becomes a blur. This is a gross injustice to Cromwell. Who, for example, would not give all the passages of fluent rhetoric which the authoress puts into his mouth for a few scraps of his authentic speeches—stumbling, unkempt, often unintelligible, yet lit up now and again by the confounding and illuminating light of genius?

THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD, AND OTHER TALES. By John Buchan. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The title story takes its name from some words quoted by Mr. Buchan from Donisarius of Padua: "Among idle men there be some who tarry in the outer courts, speeding the days joyfully with dance and song. But the other sort dwell near the portals of the House, and are ever anxious and ill at ease that they may see something of the Shadows which come and go. Wherefore night and day they are found watching by the threshold, in fearfulness and joy, not without tears." Now there may be two opinions about the excellence of these stories as stories; but it may be confidently asserted that what Mr. Buchan set out to do he has done with a large measure of success. His is not a cheerful intention. Indeed, persons who demand cheerful literature should keep the book far from them; for it is the "back-world of Scotland" he tries to describe, "the land behind the mist and over the seven bens," the land where linger old terrors, which is haunted by ancient cruelties and a paganism so outworn as to be quite reasonably called inhuman. In "No Man's Land" he tells of a folk beside whom the Celts are *parvenus*. "The Watcher by the Threshold" is a terrible tale of possession of a modern man in the grip of an ancient, overpowering personality. In "The Far Away Islands," the haunter is an idea, a dream, that generation after generation draws a son of an old house to his doom. However, unlike in plot, vague terror of an unrecognised reality, the survival of an unkindly time, is in them all, to shake our smug content with the triumphs of civilisation, and to stir forgotten depths, from which rise what wars against our comfort. The book is one to shudder over; but through it run veins of genuine beauty.

THE NEW PARISIANS. By W. P. Lonergan. 6s. (Sands.)

Mr. Lonergan thinks the artists' life in the Latin Quarter has been overdone in fiction, and there, at least, we agree with him. He turns, therefore, to the students of law, literature, and medicine for his material, and chooses for his hero an Oxford prig, with an appalling thirst for information. "This is a book of fiction, not of fact," Mr. Lonergan announces. "The author has been vague and elusive designedly, for this is an age of susceptibility." As to the fact, we can say nothing; but we deny the fiction. This undigested mass of assertions and observations is undeserving of the name. The meaning of the second sentence, as of many another, is not quite clear to us, but of the elusiveness we can only see that the writer avoids all the obligations of a story, and prefers to cram his pages with references to recent fashions and crazes in intellectual Paris, and with the fatuous observations of his intolerable hero. But there are at least dull echoes in it of a stirring life, and for these it may be valued by some aspiring young backwoodsman whose imagination has been stirred by the name of Paris.

THE SHADOWY THIRD. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray.)

"I cannot marry a man who has divorced his wife," Ursula Severne declares to Beaufoy at the outset; nevertheless, loving him, she marries him, and then the haunting thought of his first wife becomes a "shadowy third" between them. They have no children, and presently Beaufoy's thoughts turn to the daughter he had by his first wife. When he divorced the mother, she took the child with her, and he had not troubled about either of them since. Seeing her now, on the verge of womanhood, and finding her innocent and more beautiful than he had imagined, some stirring of natural affection and the desire to lift her quite away from the influences of such a life as her mother is living, prompt him to beg the divorced woman to transfer her to his guardianship. For the good of the girl, though the parting is agony to herself, she consents, and thenceforth this daughter, Fay, becomes a very substantial third between Ursula and her husband, she painfully jealous of his love for the other woman's child, yet striving prayerfully against such jealousy

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and never allowing it to influence her except to sterner self-repression. There comes a time when, as his divorced wife had risen above all thought of self to yield Fay to his care, Beaufoy, having at last won the girl's confidence and love, rises to as great a height and, at a supreme crisis, relinquishes her to her desolate and despairing mother. The character of Ursula is a subtle study of abnormally morbid and introspective femininity, and in widely different ways Beaufoy and his fascinating, impetuous first wife are no less cleverly drawn. The story has fine dramatic moments, and is imagined and written vigorously and well.

CASHIERED, and Other War Tales. By Andrew Balfour. 6s. (Nisbet.)

These ten tales of South African adventure are sure of their welcome. The war has not inspired our writers of fiction to very sublime or even very successful efforts; but at least Mr. Balfour can feel assured none of the other books of the same order has surpassed his. Indeed, it strikes us that these energetic, workmanlike sketches, popular in sentiment and quick in action, are the best of their kind. For the most part, they are quite conventional in feeling and invention, but in the Katana tales there is promise of something far beyond the ordinary schoolboy stories on which his book is modelled.

A NEW TRAFALGAR. A Tale of the Torpedo Fleet. By A. C. Curtis. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

This is frankly and avowedly a product of the Jingo school of fiction. During the course of the Boer war, the British Empire is, for some inscrutable reason, attacked by a hostile combination of the land and sea forces of Russia, France, and Germany. An attempt by the Germans to invade these islands is successfully repelled, but shortly thereafter the British squadron in the Mediterranean is annihilated, and Great Britain is apparently at the mercy of the foe. In this predicament a British fleet of twelve battleships with cruisers and destroyers meets and routs a vastly superior French and Russian squadron off the coast of Portugal on the anniversary of Hawke's victory at Quiberon. A few days later the French Cherbourg fleet is annihilated off the Scilly Isles by the Channel Squadron, under the command of the Prince of Wales. The curtain is then rung down to the strains of "Rule, Britannia!" The hero of the story is a lieutenant commanding a torpedo-boat destroyer, who performs many dashing feats of valour, one of which results in his winning the Victoria Cross. In the end he marries the inevitable and insipid heroine, the granddaughter of a low-comedy admiral of the "shiver my timbers" type. We must confess, however, that Mr. Curtis shows a wonderful grasp of the technicalities of his subject, and his pictures of naval warfare, although somewhat highly coloured, are vivid and effective. Submarine boats are very much to the fore in these pages, and the author has also invented two new types of war ship—the exterminator, a species of leviathan torpedo boat, and the battle-fort, a shell and torpedo proof ironclad. His conjecture that the torpedo will be the determining factor in the next great naval war has much to support it. This is an excellent boy's book, and it is by no means devoid of literary merit, though it is difficult to avoid poking fun at the characters of the melodrama. We should like to see a serious treatise on modern naval warfare from the pen of Mr. Curtis, for the volume under review is evidence of his mastery of the details of the subject.

The Bookman's Table.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by George A. B. Dewar. 2 Volumes. Winchester Edition. 42s. net. (Freemantle and Co.)

Messrs. Freemantle are laying book-lovers under a debt of obligation by the admirable reprints which they are publishing from time to time. The appearance of the classic now before us is heartily to be commended, for scholarly thoroughness, understanding, and artistic interpretation are presented both with pen and pencil. The text is an exact reprint of the fifth edition, the last published in Izaak Walton's lifetime; but beyond the ever-fresh and intimate chronicle itself there is here a wealth of Walton-lore. The editor, who is himself a Winchester man and a Walton-lover, writes an illuminating Introduction, and a second eminently pleasing article on "Walton in Hampshire." The volumes are stored, too, with Waltoniana, bibliography, and comment—notably an article by Sir Edward Grey. To the letterpress are added illustrations which do much to bring the correct atmosphere to the reader. Mr. William Strang has contributed almost a dozen full-page etchings, portraits, and imagined scenes, which are good examples of his strong, bold conceptions and finely finished work; and Mr. D. G. Cameron's landscapes, while sometimes lacking something in perspective values, and betraying an occasional touch of affectation, are on the whole beautiful and appropriate. This "Winchester" reprint is, indeed, a tasteful, well-printed, and exceptionally complete edition; in every way worthy to take its place on the shelves of the library.

A LONG DUEL. A Serious Comedy. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Very few plays should be offered for the notice of the literary critic, and this is not one of the few. But here it is in book form, inviting our attention, presumably not as a mere "book of the words," but as a work of literature. It is not literature, judged by any technical standard we can conceive of. Even the emotional part is largely shirked by frequent reference to a certain song that plays a convenient part, which we do not hear, and which we are not told the words of. The development of the plot is incoherent and improbable, for surprises take place that defy all the information Mrs. Clifford has previously taken pains to give us about her personages. The mixture of English and French and half-English, half-French characters makes for difficulty, but does not account for all the incongruities in the story of Cartouche and Lady Harkleston. Cartouche is a famous French painter who, after being jilted by a woman, becomes a sulky bear to all the world and produces works of genius. After twenty years the woman comes back and throws herself at his head. He treats her with ferocity, and paints a brutal picture of her. She is particularly enraged by his painting of her once lovely neck; whereupon she dons a twenty-year-old fur collar, a relic of the happy days. He relents, paints her as she once was, young and beautiful—and after a little vulgar but not unreasonable triumph on her part, the old lovers are reconciled. This sounds crude, but we believe we have only emphasised the main incident of a trivial, nerveless, and somewhat pretentious play. Two other love stories, one of an *ingénue*, the other of a *dame de compagnie*, serve to bring a number of persons on the stage without adding to the interest of the drama.

THE BEGINNING OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY. By George M'Call Theal, Litt.D., LL.D. 16s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The interest taken by the British public in South African history is in the nature of a flickering flame, which was kindled by the outbreak of the war, is now already on the wane, and will doubtless die away soon after the proclamation of peace. General readers will find little to attract them in this volume, though it is a relief at the present juncture to meet with a treatise on this subject in which the Dutch Republics and the Boers are hardly ever referred to by name. Dr. Theal's book deals with the attempts made by the Portuguese to colonise South-Eastern Africa, and is a record of dismal failure, which is utterly destitute of the romantic and adventurous element so conspicuous in the story of the wanderings of the "Voortrekkers." Portuguese rule in Mozambique has achieved nothing, either from the point of view of the trader or from that of the missionary. This may be due in part to the fact that the early settlers fixed their choice on one of the most fever-stricken districts in the continent, as a field for their efforts, but the explanation is principally to be found in the incompetence and corruption of the Portuguese administrators. Dr. Theal's work is well up to date, and the most interesting portion of it is the chapter dealing with the Anglo-Portuguese quarrels which resulted in the loss of Delagoa Bay to the British Empire. The subject is a new one, and is treated with great thoroughness and skill by the author. Those who are interested in the history of the scramble of the white races for the possession of Africa will be rewarded by a careful perusal of these pages.

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A BOOK OF MYSTERY AND VISION. By Arthur Edward Waite. 7s. 6d. (Wellby.)

Doubtless the very greatest poetry would follow at a certain disadvantage a preface that claimed so much for it as Mr. Waite claims in his preface for these latest verses of his; it is saying a great deal, therefore, when one has to acknowledge that even suffering under this disadvantage the poems that make up his "Book of Mystery and Vision" impress one not only with a sense of the depth and greatness of the thought they embody, but every here and there also by their high imaginative and poetical qualities. Mr. Waite claims to have given adequate utterance here for the first time in poetical literature to the sacramental significance of the universe, though it may seem to some of us that revelations of this same mystic significance shine or glimmer elusively through almost all the great poetry that has ever been written. However this may be, it is sufficient that Mr. Waite does fulfil his purpose, and in these poems of his more or less clearly and beautifully shadows forth in living words something of the inner spiritual life and meaning that is mystically symbolised to the seeing eye in every manifestation of nature, for—

"—in those moments, rarely known,
When the soul feels her wings,
Emblazoned upon star and stone
There flash immortal things;
Through Nature's gates wide open thrown
A wild voice sings and sings.

Comes secret sense through veils confessed,
And God eludes no more,
But doth most surely manifest,
And all His worlds restore;
Methinks that word of peace and rest
High-seated saints read o'er.

Lost word and last word, far and long,
Heard through the closing gate,
Dies the dim echo of thy song!
Soul, is it dark and late?
Vast is the void, though hope is strong,
We languish, but await."

This quest of the Lost Word, the truth that has been forgotten or has never yet been found, is the keynote of much that is best in the book. If there were space here for quotations one might quote passages memorable for their music or their beauty of thought or expression from "The Morality of the Lost Word," a dramatic "mystery" play, or from such shorter poems as "How I came to the sea," "How I also sang Mass," "To you in absence," "Valete," and some half-dozen others. There is true gold of poetry in the book, and often more of real thought and suggestiveness in a single page than would go to the making of a whole volume of average minor verse.

THE AGAPE AND THE EUCHARIST IN THE EARLY CHURCH: Studies in the History of the Christian Love-Feasts. By J. F. Keating, D.D., Principal of the Theological College of the Scottish Episcopal Church. 3s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

By giving a full and critical account of the existence of the Agape in the early Church and of its relation to the Eucharist, Dr. Keating has filled a blank which had previously existed in theological and historical literature. It has hitherto been much easier to find full information regarding the heathen clubs and *collegia* and *thiasi* than regarding the Christian Agapai. That they existed, that they were much abused, that the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" sought in some degree to regulate them, and that they sometimes accompanied the Eucharist, has been matter of common knowledge. But it is most satisfactory to have the whole subject reviewed by a thoroughly competent scholar who surveys the original sources of information under the light of modern research and criticism, and who brings out certain trustworthy conclusions. As a manual of information on the whole subject Dr. Keating's book must long hold its place.

RELIGIO LAICI: A Series of Studies Addressed to Laymen. By the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M.A. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Professor Beeching's volume contains eight papers addressed to the educated layman, and treating of certain aspects of the Church of England, her genius and her work. Several of the papers have been already published in magazines, but as all have been written during the last five years they cannot be pronounced out of date. Certainly they are miscellaneous, the Poverty of the Clergy being here bracketed with "Christianity and Stoicism." But they have certain qualities in common. Not only do they all concern the present condition of the Church, but they are all written with earnestness tempered by literary skill. The golfer knows how his drive may be spoiled by "pressing"; Mr. Beeching's earnestness never betrays his lightness of hand. Too controversial, however, he allows himself to be in his "Fallacies in the Ritualistic controversy"; and his reasoning is sometimes surprisingly weak. He seems at his best in his treatment of Christianity in its resemblances and contrasts to stoicism; and at his most pathetic in his exhibition of the poverty of the clergy. It is indeed a sad picture which is presented in his statistical tables. In present circumstances the paper which is likely to attract most attention is that which discusses the relation of the Church to elementary education. The volume as a whole combines a high degree of interest with a substantial amount of instruction.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Volume IV. With Plates and Maps. 15s. net. (William Heinemann.)

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THE LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA. By Sarah A. Tooley. 6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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COUPON.

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JUNE, 1902.

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